HARRY L. NOSS, Editor and Proprietor.

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TEACHERS ARE IN SESSION.

Institute is Largely Attended by the Fair and Stern Instructors.

A CORPS OF ABLE INSTRUCTORS.

There are 236 Teachers Enrolled—Good Evening Attractions—All Having Nice Time.

The 38th annual session of the Teachers' Institute of McKean county convened at the court house at 2 p. m. Monday. There were 238 teachers enrolled and the institute is a decided success in every way.

Prof. Myers opened the institute in a few well chosen words, then introduced Miss Hinman, who led the institute in singing. Dr. Patterson read from the Psalms and invoked the Divine Blessing upon the institute and its members. The institute then joined with Miss Hinman in singing "Home is Where the Heart Is."

Mrs. Noss was introduced to talk on Geography. Mrs. Noss is an easy, pleasing speaker who means what she says. She gave as the fundamentals of geography teaching:—first, to teach real things, make the pupils picture the facts taught; second, work on the motor side of pupils; let them do things as well as hear; don't think the ear is the only channel to the soul. Use sand table, moulding board, rapid sketch work, every form of expression. To make the matter real, use pictures, a few at a time, carefully selected. Get away from the book. Correspond with people in other countries. Exchange work with other schools.

Miss Hinman talked on the importance of physical culture, showing that success in any line is dependent upon physical condition. She emphasized position, proper breathing, ventilation, temperature of room. She then gave a series of exercises in chest development, including movements in stretching, arm folding and hand closing. The teachers then took a lesson in proper breathing and utilized their increased lung power in singing.

Prof. McNeal of the Interstate Commerce School, Chicago, took the place of Dr. Crane, who failed to reach Smethport in time for the session. Prof. McNeal spoke of the "Nature of the Teaching Process," showing that because it is a mental and spiritual, not a mechanical process, we cannot give definite methods and devices, but only principles That the fact that a certain course of procedure favorably affected one boy is no ground for believing it efficacious in another apparently similar case. We cannot tell what part of our work touched the boy's life, or in what way it influenced him.

MONDAY EVENING.

Prof. W. I. Crane of Iowa talked on the Realization of Literature, showing how we fail to grasp the import of even common expressions. He defined a beautiful language as "that which yields its contained idea with the least expenditure of mental power." A figurative style is a characteristic of a crude stage in the growth of language. He pleaded for a return to realities, to putting life into the real symbols we teach.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Miss Hinman led the singing and Rev. McCandless conducted the devotional exercises. After singing again the institute listened to a helpful talk on the Structure of North America. Mrs. Noss advocated the thorough mastering of one mountain, river, lake, etc., and using these as types by which to measure and interpret others. America should be approached as the synonym of promise, hidden in the Western Ocean until the great Teacher, having led the race through the kindergarten of Asia and the common school of Europe, needed the university of America for the final lessons in manhood and womanhood. Make the work real. Bring it home to the pupils. Have them see what places lines drawn from their homes in various directions would touch, and how these places differ from the pupils' home. One fact well taught will be an interpreter for other facts.

Supt. Jas. Coughlin spoke on Language work. He emphasized the importance of separating language lessons from technical grammar; the need of greater care in enunciation and articulation. Language lessons are chiefly mutilated grammar. Come back to the thought and thought expression.

Miss Hinman talked on the usefulness of physical culture in freeing the child from the fear of awkwardness, the removal of his timidity, and the leading to a forgetfulness of self. The teachers then joined in a brief series of exercises for lung and chest development, after which Miss Hinman led them in singing.

Dr. Crane discussed the New View Points of Education, showing that all our work depends upon our point of view. We must get away from tradition and decide our course by the conditions the child must meet in after life. "Education is the apperception one has after he has forgotten." The commencement should mark the vanishing point for the teacher, the beginning of the period when self-activity is no longer a necessity. Seek processes that will lead the child to such development as will best fit him for life's conditions.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Noss gave a history of the development of the Isthmian canal idea, from the time of Columbus to the present company whose lease expires within a few years. A thorough comparison of the two routes was given. The speaker closed with an earnest exposition of the desirability of an early completion of the much needed waterway. Incidentally, she urged the teaching of that part of the earth where present interest centers.

Supt. Coughlin urged the importance of settling upon an aim in teaching and gave us his personal criterion. "That teacher is successful who succeeds in leading his pupils into right habits." He drew a strong comparison between character and reputation, showing that character is of slow growth, the thing we really are by virtue of slowly accumulating additions; reputation may be of mushroom growth, being merely what others think us. "Character can never die, but reputation may be swept away as the sun kisses the frost from the grass." Hobson won an enviable reputation, but one tour across the country kissed it away.

Miss Hinman led the teachers in physical exercises; then in singing. Miss Hinman is certainly mistress of the work she presents.

Dr. Crane spoke of the Life Lessons that the poet sees in common things, and puts into words to brighten the lives of those who "having eyes, see not" these suggestions of higher things. Whittier is preeminently the "Life Teacher" of America. Dr. Crane gave characteristics of the gentle poet, illustrating by quoting in an appreciative way those gems of poesy that have endeared Whittier to so many readers.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The Hearons Sisters gave an excellent musical program, strong both in individual numbers and in ensemble. The readings were very good and the frequent encores testified to the pleasure of the large audience.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

At the business of the Teachers' Association the reports of the secretary-treasurer and of the vice president were read, these showing the county's affairs to be in a prosperous condition. Prof. T. F. Driscoll, the premier teacher in point of service and pedagogical parent to a vast number of McKean teachers, was elected president for the coming year. Miss Rose Allen was elected to the position of secretary-treasurer.

Rev. Calvin of the Baptist church officiated in the devotional exercises. Miss Hinman led the singing.

Mrs. Noss spoke on Geography, saying that most of early geography should be home geography. "About every home lies the types for every geographical truth in the universe." Carl Ritter, the greatest of geographers, never traveled from home. He got his knowledge by reading and interpreted it by the types he studied in his own home.

Supt. Coughlin spoke on Language, stating that language lessons should lead to composition, not to grammar. Story telling, not writing, should be the early stage. Teachers should tell stories for several days to furnish models before asking the children to talk much. We should attend to creative rather than to critical work.

Miss Hinman continued her excellent work in physical culture, emphasizing the impressions made by surroundings and the teacher's example.

Dr. Crane emphasized the fact that the hardships of life frequently are the means in the development of character. Lincoln possessed all the qualities Shakespeare gave as belonging to the Ideal Ruler. Instead of making things so easy we should give the child a chance to do and grow. "We pat our boys on the back too often and too high up."

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Noss discussed the "Use of Pictures in Education," giving brief descriptions of the great American artists, La Farge, Sargent, Abbey and Whistler. She gave graphic descriptions of many of the world's great paintings, and of their powerful influence upon the character of even the simple-minded peasants who visit them. We can get copies of these pictures, even the cheapest of which possess something of the beauty and power of the great originals.

Prof. Coughlin told the teachers how to get No. 1. He drew a vivid and laughable contrast between the good teacher who gets No. 1, and the poor one who gets three, showing the winning qualities in teachers. Supt. Coughlin won hearty applause by his helpful and fair minded discussion.

Miss Hinman talked on physical culture, then led the series of exercises. She emphasized the necessity of a good physical condition in order to retain the good opinions of board and patrons, and to be just to our pupils.

Dr. Crane interpreted many beautiful poems, and then pointed out the ideal condition of the soul where independently we drink directly from nature instead of from the interpreters of nature, the writers of books. "A book is merely a beautiful chalice containing some drops from the great ocean of truth; but he who is truly athirst must drink from the ocean itself." We must learn to go to the great ocean of childhood for our psychology, rather than to taste the drippings gleaned by psychologists.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Miss Moyer of Colegrove rendered in a happy manner two excellent readings.

Harold D. Howe gave the play "David Garrick." His characters were well marked, and the artist seemed to disappear from the consciousness of the audience, leaving the stage peopled with the creations of his art. The whole character of Howe's work is excellent. He responded to insistent encores with a humorous rendering of "He was in it."

The report of the sessions of to-day and to-morrow will be in next week's issue.

A Game Dinner.

For the past ten days a party of nimrods from Duke Center, Eldred and Hazelhurst have been camping and hunting on Larabee flats and as they were quite successful in capturing game they decided to give a game dinner on Sunday last and invite their friends.

About sixty guests from Olean, Smethport and the places above mentioned responded to the invitation and at 2 o'clock when dinner was announced a jolly party gathered around the festive board.

All the different kinds of game to be found in this section were served as well as many other delicacies and the hungry throng feasted to their hearts' content and stomachs' discontent. The chef for this occasion was Mr. Partridge of Duke Center and he proved himself to be a pastmaster in the epicurean art.

The writer, in behalf of the Smethport contingent, wishes to tender thanks to these nimrods who extended us the kind invitation and a most excellent dinner.

A Woman in the Lockup.

A Second ward woman was arrested last night by Officer Mooney and lodged in the lockup on complaint of her husband. The woman was intoxicated and refused to go home. It was necessary to call a policeman in order to have her removed from the street. A pathetic incident in connection with the arrest occurred at the police station shortly after the woman was incarcerated. Her little 12-year-old son called to see his mother, and in the presence of the policemen he delivered a most touching appeal to the prisoner to overcome her fondness for whiskey. "Mamma, quit it," said the sturdy little chap, "and I'll always love you and be good to you." The woman cried bitterly and was quite sobered, when the boy was led away from the lockup.—Bradford Era.

Do You Need

any good cross cut saws, axes, wood choppers' wedges, go-devils or lumberman's tools of any kind. Our stock is complete and our prices are the lowest.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The best Baltimore oysters served in bulk at N. M. Harrington's restaurant.

Our Popular Candidate for Judge of the Superior Court

HON. THOMAS A. MORRISON.

HON. THOMAS A. MORRISON is our own popular candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, and that McKean county will give him an unusually large majority goes without question. He is a man who, by his own efforts and careful attention to his chosen profession, has raised himself from a struggling farmer boy to one of the ablest jurists in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. But in his strife to better himself he did not neglect his country. When the War of the Rebellion broke out he took a place among the rank and file and did noble service for the preservation of the Union until he was forced to leave the service on account of having his left arm so badly shot that it was amputated at the shoulder. After he returned from the war he taught school and was admitted to the bar. In 1887 Mr. Morrison was elected Additional Law Judge of the 48th Judicial district, which then comprised Potter and McKean counties. He was re-elected in 1897 and served in this capacity until last December when he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court to fill a vacancy. During Judge Morrison's career on the Common Pleas bench he has made a most enviable reputation as a jurist throughout the State, and his advancement is but a just reward for merit. Judge Morrison's knowledge of law and equity peculiar to this section is needed on the Superior Court bench. The people of this section appreciate this fact and he will have a big majority in McKean county, as well as in other places.

"A Foxy Tramp."

That there is contradictory to the old adage "something new under the sun," is exemplified by Carley and Lewis' successful production of "A Foxy Tramp," which will appear at the Lyceum one night only, Friday, October 30. These energetic young managers have spared no expense to make every effect in their play absolutely novel in every respect. A gigantic "Atlantic type" locomotive which moves in its towering grandeur upon the stage, stops and reverses, with sparks flying from the grinding brakes and steam hissing from the cylinders; a safe-blowing scene in which a genuine ex-burglar, "Hungry Joe," now reformed and under salary, drills and opens a huge steel bank vault; the New York subway excavations at midnight, and a railroad yard with interlocking switches, block signals and towers in full operation, are among the realistic effects of this deservedly popular play. Mr. George Cotter, a clever comedian, plays "Weary Willie," the title role, while Miss Eloise Elliotte, a pretty and talented leading lady whose metropolitan success as "Portia" is a matter of history, has been especially engaged to create the part of Dora Lester. Millie La Nora, La Belle Violette, Carroll Drew, John Brownridge, Harold St. Aubyn, Lake M. Deeds and Gerald Fitz Hubert are among the talented artists who compose the cast. In addition, Prof. Jacoby's Grenadier Guards' Band and Operatic Orchestra of 18 men has been engaged as a special feature. A daily street parade in which many novelties are introduced, is another point of merit.

The Famous Troubadours,

Among the specialties of the Troubadours is Miss Nettie Taylor, queen of instrumentalists; William A. Baynard, specialty pianist; Ben Toledo, unsurmountable juggler, whose wonderful skill in the art of balancing holds all audiences spellbound, and Montrose Douglass, trick bicyclist and unicyclist presenting a turn in trick bicycle riding that is hard to be equalled, and Walter Jones, dancing comedian and tamborine artist, all of which were very good numbers. And in conclusion we can only say that each group of footlight charmers appear more dashing and handsome than its predecessor, and that, collectively the chorus is the best heard here for some time. They will appear at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 24, 1903:

Mrs. Rilley Burrows, B. W. Brecht, R. D. Brown, B. H. Kagon, Mrs. D. Kavanaugh, Wolbert Langley, H. Little, J. D. McGowan, Mrs. Belle Moore, Frank O'Neill, Mrs. Frank Rozar, John Silvering, Geo. P. Snyder, O. D. Underwood, G. L. Williams.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

A new lot of silverware and novelties at Holder's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

The music class under the direction of Misses Nichols and Drake gave concerts at the court house on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week (Aug. 30-31, 1870.) When we come to think of the short time in which they have had to prepare for these entertainments we can but pronounce them excellent. The teachers have been in this place but one week and the admirable manner which their pupils performed their respective parts reflects great credit on the teachers and class. We have not space to notice the concert in detail, but will simply say that everyone connected with it did the very best. We might speak of a few pieces, however, which were not sung in concert by the whole class: The comic pieces by Lottie Gallup, Julia Shaw and Corna were good. The songs by Elida, Corna and Emma Oviatt, Katie Freeman and Flora Taylor were excellent. Flora will make a fine singer. Emma Hamlin's "Old Maid" was splendid, as everybody expected it would be if sung by her. "Captain Jinks," by a little girl named Bishop, was admirable. "Way Down in Maine," by Miss Martha Palmer of Port Allegany, was first-rate. The still younger members of the class did well, all of whom will in time make good musicians. The proceeds of the two nights amounted to $53.

The wonderful campaign which has been progressing for the past six weeks on French soil, between the armies of King William of Prussia and Napoleon of France, is undoubtedly ended. The army of McMahon, which, when it left Chalons embraced 120,000 men, are now prisoners of war. Napoleon, who was accompanying McMahon, surrendered in person to King William. The capitulation occurred at Sedan, near the Belgium frontier, on the second day of September. The road to Paris is now open and France is at the mercy of the victorious army of Prussia. It is rumored that Bazaine, who is in command of that portion of the French army at Metz, has also surrendered. Great excitement prevails in Paris and a new Government has been organized for national defense. Marshal McMahon, who commanded the French forces at Sedan, was wounded and has since died. The people clamor for a republic. [The above report of the death of Marie Edme Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France, was slightly premature, as he served as President of the French Republic from 1873 to 1879. His death really occurred on October 17, 1893.]

Married, in Smethport, on September 4, 1870, at the residence of W. S. Brownell, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. D. W. Howard of Sergeant and Miss M. A. Dickeson of Norwich township.

In Norwich township, September 4, 1870, by C. P. Rice, Esq., Mr. Martin Syler and Miss Christina Ebert, both of Norwich township.

The following very flattering notice of our young friend, H. V. Redfield, who it will be remembered by our readers was formerly connected with this paper, we clip from the Louisville Courier Journal. It is indeed very complimentary and we are pleased to know that "Vic" is making his mark in the world as a newspaper writer. Success to him: "Mr. Redfield ('Avery') of the Cincinnati Commercial—one of the very brightest correspondents of the period—is just now taking notes in Kentucky. He is an excellent example of the typical journalist of the modern school, an active, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted, boyish-looking man of three or four and twenty, with a nose for news and a turn for character drawing and political picturing. His letters are always racy, always independent and, for this reason, generally trustworthy and accurate. He began his career a poor boy in the mountains of Tennessee and with little instruction and no advantages, has at an exceedingly early age achieved one of the best newspaper positions and reputations in the country."

A game of base ball was played at St. Marys on Saturday last, between the Lone Star of that place and the Rough and Ready of Penfield, Clearfield county. After a long and exciting game the Rough and Ready won by the score of 60 to 52.—Elk Democrat.

A son of Callahan McCarty of Keating township was lost a week ago last Tuesday (Sept. 18, 1870,) and up to this time no trace of him has been found. For about a week large numbers of people have been searching the forests in every direction, but thus far unsuccessfully. The boy is about 16 years of age.

Personal.—Jim Anderson did not arrive in time to attend the Democratic convention last Friday evening, but is friendly to the nominees.

Married, in Eldred, Sept. 25, 1870, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. Ezekiel Cummings of Otto township to Miss Georgianna Robinson of the former place.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.—

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Dowie's Disgraceful Speech.

"Dr." Dowie, the self-styled "Elijah," who has been trying to make a hit in New York, has turned every self-respecting person against him by his utterances. Following is an extract from a New York dispatch dated Oct. 27, which should condemn him in the mind of every son of woman:

The good natured tolerance with which New York has listened to Dowie changed to amazement and disgust last night when for the purpose of reviving interest in his Madison Square Garden show he told the audience of several thousand persons that he was an illegitimate son and went into details regarding his mother's disgrace.

Dowie's excuse for this unprecedented rattling of a family skeleton was the publication of letters written by him to John Murray Dowie. As an incentive to keep people from going out, it was a great success.

"I am not guilty of what happened before I was born," wailed the prophet in one outburst. "I am a stainless son of God. My birthright might have been the richest ducal coronet in England, but I will never seek it. I would not exchange for a throne the glory of doing God's work."

The restorer divided his address into three parts—abuse of the newspapers, religious talk and the story of his mother. For the first time since he came to town the applause of his Zion guards and followers was drowned by the hisses of the persons who made up the sane part of the audience.

The trick of the theatrical press agent was apparent all through the tirade. Dowie referred to his "unknown father" as "a British officer who died in the charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea." He also hinted that if he had not been "cheated of my birthright, a ducal coronet might have been mine."

The revelation was made at the end of an hour's tirade against the press of this city. His treatment of his work and himself was styled a "conspiracy of falsehood," the reporters denounced as "yellow dogs, poisonous reptiles who have wrecked thousands of homes and broken thousands of hearts." Dowie in a passionate rage declared "the yellow dogs" should be muzzled by a censorship law if the country is to be saved.

There was a storm of hisses at the end of the speech.

Some Oil Stories.

An epidemic of oil country short stories is apparently raging among the writers of the land and some of them are startling to say the least. A female syndicate writer in a story, "When Joe Struck Oil," makes her hero desert the potato field and go prospecting for "the precious black fluid" with a hoe. He finds it just in time to prevent the heroine's marriage with a wire fence agent. This is a valuable hint for the man behind the hoe.

Another writer has the shooter bury a can of nitro-glycerine on a one thousand acre farm and then carelessly forget the spot which stopped ploughing on the farm for an entire season. Finally the heroine digs up the can, throws it in the creek and falls fainting into the arms of her lover.

Still another writer makes his heroine wrap the cans containing eighty quarts of nitro-glycerine in a bed sheet and drop them into a supposedly dry hole. A terrific flow of oil is the result, but who ever heard of nitro-glycerine standing for that sort of treatment?

Tried to Kill Diaz.

An attempt was made to kill President Diaz of Mexico on Tuesday. The President and his staff were riding in a street car at Guanajuato when a man of the lower class, named Elias Toscano, approached the car shouting and fired five shots from a revolver. None of the shots took effect. Pablo Esandon, one of the President's staff, rushed out of the car and caught the man, wrenching the revolver from his grasp. The police took Toscano to prison. He is a man with a bad criminal record, and was but recently released from prison Greanditas, where he has served a term for homicide. The matter will be investigated. The President remained perfectly cool and was acclaimed by the crowd of citizens who showed their joy at his escape. Toscano's evil record renders the theory of a deliberate attempt at assassination probable. The President received the congratulations of the citizens and diplomatic corps.

If You Have

a few hours to go hunting and have no gun don't trouble about borrowing your friend's. We can rent you one cheaper and better than you can borrow. Our stock of hunters' supplies is the goods.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Fresh Baltimore oysters. They are the finest in the market and the prices are reasonable. N. M. Harrington of the Model restaurant will serve them in any style or furnish them in bulk.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Fresh bear meat for sale at Oviatt's meat market. Call or 'phone for a nice steak before it is gone.

A Widower's Tenant

By C. B. LEWIS

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After being in business in the city nearly a score of years, the last five of which he had been a widower and in failing health, John Dayton finally heeded the advice of the doctor and bought a farm and prepared to retire to the country and rejuvenate himself. The farm was purchased through an agency and without his having ever stepped foot upon the land. But there was one thing the agent failed to represent. The previous owner of the farm had died and left a widow and a mortgage. While the mortgage had been foreclosed and the farm sold according to law, a village lawyer had discovered a flaw in the proceedings and advised the widow to stick, hoping for legal advice she was determined to get the benefit of it. She remained on the farm as much of a fixture as the big red barn, and she proposed to fight it out on that line.

It therefore leaked about that when the widower came to take possession of his farm he met with a surprise party. It was understood that he would find the Widow Parsons in the house, but he didn't understand what sort of a widow she was. He found a middle aged, portly-faced woman ready to welcome him, and her soft ways and the goodness of the dinner prejudiced him in favor of country life at once.

Nothing of the business nature was broached until dinner was over and then he had eyed the widow up as a meek and humble woman. It was when he carelessly inquired whether she had taken another farm in exchange that the first brickbat hit him. She didn't propose to vacate at all. She preferred to go on living amid the peaceful songs of birds and the lazy drone of bumblebees, but if it was to be kind war he would find her waving her banners at the front. John

AS HE STARTED FOR THE HOGS THE BULL-DOG STARTED FOR HIM.

Dayton was an aggressive man, an obstinate man and a man with a temper, and the widow didn't blame him a bit when he pounded his leg with his fist and replied to her:

"I don't want to be mean about this thing, but I want and will have possession of my own. I will give you one week to clear out. If you are not gone by that time I'll have you thrown out."

"You are invited to dinner a week from today," the widow quietly replied.

Mr. Dayton went to town to consult a lawyer and there he met with the lawyer told him that all the rights in the case were his, and the sheriff said he would put him in possession as soon as the writ of execution was placed in his hands. Meanwhile if he could bluff the widow it would be so much gained for him. He returned to the farm after a day or two to bluff. He was as kindly received as if he had come to buy paper rags and sell tinware, and, though he was vexed and annoyed, he couldn't help but admit that the widow had beautiful blue eyes.

"I have ascertained that I have the law on my side," he began, "but, as I said to you before, I don't want to be mean about it."

"No; I don't think you are a mean man," she kindly replied.

"I want possession, but I don't want any row, and if you would consent to take $50 and vacate next week I think I would pay it."

"You are a generous man, and I won't rob you. Three or four years hence, after the case has gone to the supreme court and been decided against me, you may look around for another farm."

"Woman, you are defying the law," claimed the widower as patience ceased to be a virtue. "I tell you I'll have possession here if I have to dump everything and everybody into the public highway with my own hands."

"Come to dinner any day—glad to see you," was the reply as she followed him to the door.

"Y-e-s; I see," mused his lawyer as the widower returned and reported. "The widow is simply a trespasser. She ought to be put off at once."

"Y-e-s; I see," mused the sheriff when he was appealed to. "That writ ought to be placed in my hands."

Both lawyer and sheriff hinted at a certain line of conduct, though protesting that they were not legal hints, and three days later John Dayton drove out to his farm prepared to take all the hills and cows by the horns. He began at the barnyard. He opened wide the gates and turned a one eyed ram and a one horned cow into the road. A couple of hogs with curls in their tails would have been next on the programme had not the Widow Parsons appeared on the scene. She was accompanied by a bulldog, who seemed anxious to complicate things, and her voice was not at all high pitched as she warned the widower off the premises. He pounded on the barn door and replied:

"This is my property. I am here to take possession. The widow and the bulldog who interfere with me must take the consequences."

The consequences were taken. As he started for the early tailed hogs the bulldog started for him, and when the widower got through with the dream he had half a dozen bites to carry back to town.

"Stars above, but it is nothing less than a case of murderous assault!" exclaimed the lawyer when the story had been told. "You have only to apply for a warrant to have the Widow Parsons sleep in jail tonight, and she must surely be convicted when she comes to trial."

"Never in all my life did I hear of such an outrage," added the sheriff, "and I will take the greatest pleasure in making the arrest."

But when the bitter had got over nothing more hints, not legal hints, were thrown out, and as a result John Dayton made a fourth visit to his farm. This time he knocked at the front door of the house instead of stopping at the barnyard, and when admitted he said:

"Widow Parsons, I'm a determined man. I'm bound to have my farm if I have to take you with it."

The widow looked at him for a long minute, and there was a smile around her mouth as she quietly replied:

"It might be your best way. Come in, sir, and we'll see about it."

And six weeks later there was neither widow nor widower. John Dayton and his wife were running the farm, and the bulldog was quiescent.

True Love Is Not Jealous.

The greatest thing in the world is love. It is the most beautiful thing too. Strangely enough however, it is apt to go hand in hand with the ugliest thing, which is jealousy. The green eyed monster's favorite victims are lovers.

No sight is more terrible than the jealous rage of a lover. The man who suspects his sweetheart of flirting with some one else is enduring such pain that he is hardly responsible for his actions.

Similarly, the girl who sees that her fiance is faithless experiences a heartache which is little short of maddening.

It is sad when such suffering is without any real cause. The man or girl who is a victim of unreasoning jealousy is to be pitied. The intensity of their feelings cannot be realized by an outsider.

True love is trustful, above all things. Sweethearts who trust each other pre never worried with jealousy. Nor have they any need to be. A true lover never flirts. He would not be a true lover if he did. A girl who really loves her sweetheart can bear to see him walking or talking with another girl without the slightest pang. She knows well that there is only one girl in the world for him, and that is herself. In his heart she reigns supreme, just as he does in hers. Polite and attentive though he may be to many another maid, he reserves one thing for her alone. This one thing is love.

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The Bee's Stinging Apparatus.

A bee's sting, unlike that of a wasp, is always left in the wound, so the first thing to do is to remove it. Do not take it between finger and thumb, for that will cause it to open and release more of its poison. The right method is to push it out by rubbing up against it with the back of the thumb nail. To remove the pain there are many remedies, most of them homely. Here are a few: A slice of onion, ordinary laundry blue, sal volatile, honey, earth moistened with saliva. One or another of these remedies is always at hand, and a handkerchief will serve as a bandage to keep it in place as long as necessary.

The legal duration of a patent in Germany is fifteen years from the date of application, and additional patents expire at the same time as the main patent. Inventions which appertain to articles of food or medicine cannot be patented in Germany.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?

Mrs. Youngbusband—Horse radish!

No man really feels his importance until after his wife calls his attention to the fact that he is somebody.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

God Save the Commonwealth.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offences in regard to such elections," approved the 14th day of June, A. D. 1893, I, Chas. E. Mays, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1903, (being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz.:

One person for State Treasurer.

One person for Auditor General.

Two persons for Judges of the Superior Court.

One person for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Two persons for Jury Commissioners.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:

REPUBLICAN.

For State Treasurer—William L. Mathues.

For Auditor General—William P. Snyder.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Thomas A. Morrison.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John J. Henderson.

For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—Joseph W. Bouton.

For Jury Commissioner—Leon Curtis.

DEMOCRATIC.

For State Treasurer—Joel G. Hill.

For Auditor General—Arthur G. Dewalt.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John A. Ward.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Calvin Rayburn.

PROHIBITION.

For State Treasurer—Henry D. Patton.

For Auditor General—Elisha Kent Kane.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Matthew H. Stevenson.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Emmet D. Nichols.

For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—John D. Gill.

For Jury Commissioner—S. M. Love.

SOCIALIST.

For State Treasurer—John A. Smith.

For Auditor General—Wm. W. Atkinson.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Alfred Leach.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Louis Goazigu.

[illegible]

For State Treasurer—William L. Mathues.

For Auditor General—William P. Snyder.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Thomas A. Morrison.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John J. Henderson.

INDEPENDENCE.

For State Treasurer—Joel G. Hill.

For Auditor General—Arthur G. Dewalt.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John A. Ward.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Calvin Rayburn.

LABOR

For State Treasurer—David E. Gilchrist.

For Auditor General—Wm. T. Eberle.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Wm. H. Thomas.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John Bussechill.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

[illegible]

The township of Annin at the building known as Simpson's store, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Edgett's barn.

Third ward, First district—At the store-room No. 113 Washington street.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Rollert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At vacant store room in the Henry Boyer building, 418 East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building, erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Ceres at the Ceres village school house.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by B. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house; in Warrant No. 3732, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at hose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred at a new building on the Barden brook road.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, in Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building in Corwin Centre.

HARLEM TOWNSHIP.

First district—The second story of the building now occupied by J. Goodman, on the south side of the Main street in the village of Hazelhurst, adjoining lands of James Randall.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The west room of the second floor of the city building on the west side of Railroad street in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall situate at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First district—On first floor of a building owned by Miller C. Stickles, formerly occupied by J. H. Fish as a bottling house nearly opposite and northeast of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad Company's station, in East Smethport, Pa.

Second district—At new building of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—The City or Municipal Building, situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third ward—The lower floor or truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle st. eet in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second district—At the village of Big Shanty, in the basement of the building known as the Maccabees' hall, in this district.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Penny in the village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—At the school house in the village of Olivedale.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of S. D. Ailey at a point on the Smethport road about 60 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Garlton.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second district—At A. O. U. W. Hall, Rixford.

The borough of Smethport in northeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

First district—The Ed. Linderman building on the south side of the highway leading from Wetmore to Highland about 220 feet north from the present polling place.

Second district—In the building of Mrs. Albert Johnson, known as the John Scott building, situated about 75 rods west of the N. M. Orr building, where the said elections have heretofore been held, the said south building being on the West Kane road.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situate at Clermont.

Second district—The building of Penn Chemical Company at Ratchbye.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, as prime justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of the State or of any city or incorporated district whatever, a commissioned officer or other person, or other than officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1903.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

L. K. Hogarth

has a fine line of new perfumes.

Everything in

Rubber Goods,
Hot Water Bottles,
Ice Caps,
Syringes.

The new hygienic rubber complexion sponge never wears out, never gets musty. An elegant toilet article.

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
STATIONERY

FASCINATING FLINCH—the new game. You can get it at Hogarth's.

Gold Fish.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single a double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell Phone

Buy a

Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.

FOR SALE BY

C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 6, 1903.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Human's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. **John Forrest.**
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

D. L. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. G. B. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and carefull attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.
Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

Hotels.

Grand Central Hotel,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Hotel Imperial,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

The Fleming Hotel,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Sartwell House,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

Chadwick House,
D. E. McDonald, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

Commercial House,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Bayer House,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

MODERN PHARMACY.

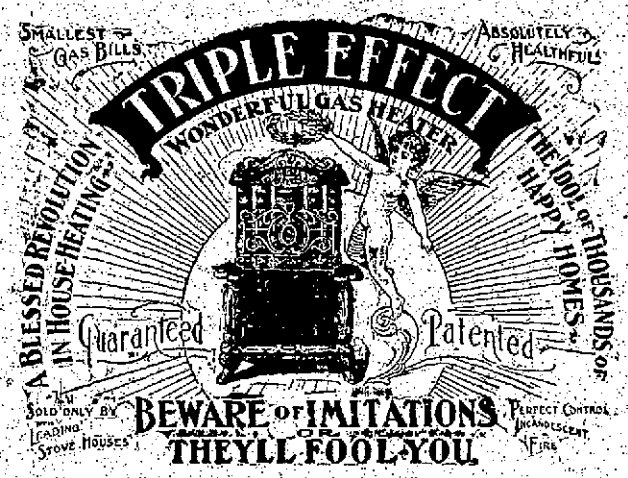
Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.



These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

A full Line of others also.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—E. W. Strong, the plumber, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Read the new advertisement of Bell Bros. in this issue. They offer first-class bargains.

—The First National Bank of Allegany closed its doors on Thursday. It will pay its creditors in full.

—George Claycomb, foreman for the American Telephone Company, was seriously injured by an explosion of dynamite in Potter county last week.

—Michael Bombuski, who was convicted of murder in the second degree in the Potter county courts for killing John Watkins, was sentenced to 19 years in prison.

—A girl in Norfolk, Va., was married twice within twelve days. Her first husband committed suicide because of the attentions paid to the man who has just become her second husband.

—Wednesday Mr. Earl Loop and Miss Elsie Rogers, both of this place, went to Olean and were married. The Eagle joins their many friends in best wishes for their future happiness.—Eldred Eagle.

—William Muldoon, the once famous wrestler, who lives in New York City, has given his Belfast, N. Y., property to the Roman Catholic church of that place. Muldoon formerly lived in Belfast and the property is valued at $10,000.

—Fifty years ago to-day the people of this vicinity were surprised on arising in the morning to find the ground covered with twelve inches of snow. This bit of news was given out by C. H. Grover of Newfield to some of his friends while they were guests of him and his wife at the celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Saturday last. He related many other interesting events of the early days of Potter, which were listened to with great pleasure by all present.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Among the cases on the trial list for the coming term of the United States circuit court, which opens November 9, at Pittsburg, are the following of local interest: Backer Oil Company vs. Erie Railroad Company (2); McKean Bros. & Backer vs. Erie Railroad Company; Sara McKeown et al., executors of the will of H. Schaulis, deceased, vs. Erie Railroad Company; Russell J. Straight vs. Erie Railroad Company; Daniel O'Day, Jr., A. J. Stone and Harry D. Morrison vs. T. N. Barnsdall, Southern Oil Company and S. M. and A. J. Longfellow.

—The astounding speed of 140 miles an hour was attained Friday on the Berlin Zoeun Electric Railway in Germany. Dr. Siemonz was on the train and said: "Higher speed is undesirable. No system of installing has yet been invented that could insure safety. It was like fifty thousand hammers at work to us sitting in the car. Speed really is not any longer the question to be considered; it is safety and practicability. The car when traveling at the highest pace was scarcely visible as it flashed past the onlookers, seemingly enveloped in flames, while the overhead wire was a continuous streak of fire like a huge torch."

A Human Picture Book.

A remarkable case of tattooing came to light in Professor Hebra's lecture room in a hospital in Vienna some years ago. The man was the subject of a lecture, and one of the spectators at first mistook him for a bronze statue. He was tattooed from head to foot, and not a quarter of a square inch of his entire person was intact. The skin presented an appearance resembling the tracery of an exceedingly rich cashmere shawl. The coloring was done with indigo principally, with enough red inserted here and there to give it effect. His name was George Constantine, a Greek by birth, who with a band of robbers entered Chinese Tartary to commit depredations. The gang was captured, and this man, with others, was ordered by the ruler to be branded in this manner. On the palms of his hands letters were tattooed which explained that he was "the greatest rascal and thief in the world." It took three months to tattoo him, the indigo being pricked into the skin. The designs represented elephants, lions, tigers and birds, with letters worked in between. A couple of dragons ornamented his forehead. He said his body swelled up very much at the time and ever since had been sensitive to changes in the weather.

Gambling the Worst Vice.

Of all the vices to which men are addicted gambling is undoubtedly the worst. Gambling has a worse effect on the mind and conscience even than drink. The inveterate gambler cannot remain honest; he does not remain honest.

We talk earnestly to the young man with the gambling habit because many such young men are strong in ability and character and would render good service to the world if they could use their energies properly.

The gambling instinct is a perverted form of ambition, the most dangerous of human perversions. Every young man who has genuine strength should think about gambling from his own point of view, and his own pride should give him reasons for stopping.

If you want success in life you should want it as a result of your own efforts, not as the result of any accident. The gambling instinct is weak as well as vicious. It is self indulgent and contemptible; it represents the desire to get something for nothing.—New York Journal.

Cough Gently.

Few people know how to cough properly. In fact, it never occurs to the ordinary individual that there are a right way and a wrong way of doing it. Yet it is a matter of no small importance. If every sigh means a drop of blood out of the heart, as people say, every cough means some greater or less proportion of time knocked off one's life. Most people cough as loudly and forcibly as they can. Some chronic coughers seem a bit proud of the terrible noise they make. But it is a rather costly noise for the simple reason that it tears and inflames the lungs.

The lungs consist of an extraordinarily delicate spongelike tissue, which sometimes gets inflamed and choked with phlegm. When we try to get rid of this substance we cough. But, obviously, if we remove it violently we must necessarily injure the delicate lung tissue. Therefore train yourself to cough as gently as possible. After a little practice you will find it quite easy to do so. In that way you will do a minimum of mischief to the lungs and add years to your life.

Plant Misers.

All leaf buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man, and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true of all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot and turnips, and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit to himself.

Not Dangerous.

A New York clergyman, who was one of the guests at a country house, was asked to say grace, one Sunday. He had the year before, during his visit, the conversation had been large.

On Saturday afternoon, as he was resting, he heard two of the young children as they returned to the stable after having delivered two milk horses at the front door.

"I don't know but I'll go to ear in at the barroom service," said one of them.

"There, I knew you'd come around," said the other in a tone of approval. "He's a well meaning man, and, as I told you, I've heard his twice, and what harm has it done me?"

Thin Lips Better Than Thick.

In order to articulate well one must be able to move the lips with the greatest facility. A person with thick lips cannot move them quickly; there is too much of them, and the muscles which move them are clogged and have no fair chance of performing their work. Thin lips are easily worked, so as to allow the mouth to be quite free for the emission of the sounds that make words, and consequently the possessor of them can speak fluently. A mustache and a beard which covers the under lip to the mouth are both a hindrance to clear speaking. They impede the articulation in the same way as thick lips, and the words get partly lost.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance doubly sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time honored professions.

Press On.

"Press on" solves the problem of all heroes. It is the rule by which to judge of all wonderful success and all triumphal marches to fortune and honor. It should be the motto of all. "Press on." Never despair. Never allow yourself to be discouraged, however stormy the heavens or dark the way or heavy the difficulties or repeated the failures.

Awful.

Mrs. Proudman—Our Willie got "meritorious commendation" at school last week.

Mrs. Bull—Well, well! Ain't it awful the number of strange diseases that's ketched by school children.

Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—Willmott.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Cereals Food Food Co., 14 Rue, N. Y.

In Old Nantucket.

Nantucket island is full of strange names. Here are a few of them: Coatue, Coskata, Nauma, Wauwinet, Pocomo, Squam, Quidnit, Quaise, Cabacha, Sankoty head, Polpis, Sinsconset, Pochick, Tom Never's head, the territories of the late Sachems Wannochmamock, Autapscot and Poconet, the Shearing Pens, Shawkemo, Shimmo, Monomoy, Mussasoit bridge, Nopque, Wannacomet, the Washing pond, No Bottom pond, Saul's hills, Cain's hill, Hensdale, Popsquatchet, Trot's hill, Maddequet, Whale House lookout, Miacomet pond, the Haulover, Tuckernuck, Muskeget, Abram's point, Jeremy's cove, Wigwam ponds and Egypt.

A Pauper Artist.

In a museum attached to two almshouses at Kirkleatham, England, is a wonderful carving of St. George and the dragon out of a single block of boxwood, the work of a poor prisoner, and it is valued at £2,000. It is said that this piece of carving was the cause of a wager being once laid in a dispute as to its entirety. To prove that the work was one single piece of carving it was plunged into a pot of boiling oil and allowed to remain for hours. All doubts were set at rest when it was withdrawn and found to be still complete. The prisoner who completed this marvelous piece of work used an ordinary penknife only.

COMING TO SMETHPORT.

Eminent Specialists of New York and Philadelphia.

ELECTRO MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Will be at the Imperial Hotel Two Days, Monday and Tuesday, November 2 and 3. They Will Make Regular Visits to Smethport.

The first being an advertising trip to introduce their new system they will give to all who call on the above dates, consultation, examination, advice and all medicine necessary to complete a permanent CURE—FREE.

It will be expected of all patients taking advantage of this offer to state to their friends the result obtained by their new system of treatment. They treat ALL KINDS OF CHRONIC DISEASES AND DEFORMITIES.

It is very seldom that a community so situated as the one in which we live has the privilege of consulting such renowned specialists, who are in constant attendance to wait upon you, diagnose your case and give you the benefit of their medical knowledge. There is no experimenting or guess work. You will be told whether you can be cured or not. If your case is curable they will treat you; if incurable they will give you such advice as to prolong your life.

They treat deafness by an entirely new method, and hearing is restored at once. $100 forfeit for any case of deafness that we fail to make hear from the first treatment. CATARRH in all its VARIED FORMS cured so it will never return, by breaking up the cold catching tendency by the electrical absorption of medicine. If you have weak lungs or consumption do not fail to be examined.

The new discovery of absorbing medicine by electricity in paralysis, loss of manly vigor, rheumatism and all diseases of the nervous system, including EPILEPSY, is a God-send to suffering humanity. Medical men stand amazed at the marvelous cures that are being effected wherever this system is being introduced. Thousands who have given up all hopes of ever being cured now have an opportunity of a life time to consult doctors of a national reputation. Remember their knowledge of medicine combined with electricity gives them control of diseases that others do not possess. If you have WEAK EYES, come and see the greatest AMERICAN and EUROPEAN EXPERT OCCULIST. He with his remarkable discovery cures all those afflicted with failing eyesight, cataracts or functional blindness. The blind made to see by our entirely new method. No experiments. Come and test it for yourself. Eyes expertly tested and treated; ALL THIS IS FREE OF CHARGE. WE STRAIGHTEN CROSS EYES TO STAY STRAIGHT BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE OFFICE. NO KNIFE. NO PAIN. This is done by our new system.

Don't fail to call on these eminent specialists, as a visit costs you nothing and may save your life.

If you suspect kidney trouble, bring a two-ounce vial of your urine for chemical and microscopic analysis.

Go early, as their offices are always crowded. If you are improving under your family physician do not come and take up their valuable time. They wish to give each one plenty of time, but cannot listen to long stories not pertaining to your case. The rich and poor alike treated.

NOTICE—Morphine, cocaine, laudanum, opium, tobacco and liquor habits cured in a short time.

N. B.—CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, all blood, skin and scalp diseases treated by an entirely new method. PILES cured in five or ten days without the knife. They make a specialty of diseases peculiar to either sex and cure where others fail.

VARICOCELE CURED permanently in a few days.

Remember this liberal offer is for this first trip only and not one cent will be charged for all the medicines required to make a permanent cure to all those commencing treatment on this first visit. Also a positive guarantee to cure will be given to all patients that we accept on this our advertising trip.

NOTICE—MARRIED LADIES must be ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR HUSBANDS.

Office hours 8 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

Remember the dates and hotel.

Those having rupture should not fail to see the Hernia Specialist, he, by his thorough fitting can retain and cure Rupture where others fail.

Well Named Paint

The practical painter says, the man who storms at the weather because the paint on his house won't weather the storms, could live a life of sunshine by using

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint gives double the service of all-white-lead or any ordinary paint. It is made of the most perfect combination of paint materials to stand the severest trial the sun and weather can give it. Guaranteed to keep its gloss and wear well for five years.

Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the FISH, QUART or GALLON.

Good Quality

and GOOD MEASURE means much in the grocery business; they mean much to consumers of groceries, and when you can have them at ordinary prices the grocer supplying them is likely to have a stronghold upon his trade.

Our Sartoria Coffee is an eye opener to most people who have never tasted an ideal cup of coffee. We sell it for 25c a pound. Equal to most coffee at 30c a pound.

10 pound Jersey Sweet potatoes for 25c.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK.

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

Both Phones. North St. Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY E. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
LEON CURTIS,
of Keating township.

Leon Curtis of Keating township, the Republican candidate for jury commissioner, is a young Republican who deserves the hearty support of his party. Of course his election is assured, but he will appreciate a large complimentary vote.

Our candidate for State Treasurer, William L. Mathues of Delaware county, is a man who deserves the whole support of the Republican party and he will get it next Tuesday at the polls. He is a life-long Republican, a man who can be trusted implicitly and will conduct the affairs of the Treasury of Pennsylvania in a way that will do honor to himself and his party. A vote for William L. Mathues is a vote for the right man.

We have two candidates for Judges of the Superior Court, Hon. John J. Henderson of Crawford county and Hon. Thomas A. Morrison of McKean county and, as there are two vacancies, both will be elected by very large majorities. Judge Henderson is an able jurist of vast experience on both the Common Pleas and Superior Court benches, which coupled with his universal popularity, insures his election by a largely increased vote throughout the State.

Next Tuesday a great majority of the voters of McKean county will go to the polls and cast their ballots for Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, the Republican nominee for President Judge. It is eminently fitting that such should be the case. Since his appointment to the position on the bench made vacant by the resignation of Judge Morrison he has amply demonstrated his ability as a jurist who will do honor to the highest office within the gift of the people of McKean county. That he is held in high esteem is further demonstrated by his endorsement at the hands of the Democratic party, and although through a mistake the names of the Democratic nominees cannot appear upon this year's ticket, it is safe to say that Judge Bouton will receive that party's vote, almost to a man. Judge Bouton's political career is singularly free from stain of any kind and his conduct as an attorney and citizen has always been of such a nature as to win him the warm personal regard of all with whom he has come in contact. The action of the Democratic convention in endorsing Mr. Bouton's candidacy, almost eliminates the element of politics from the contest. Although the Prohibition party has a candidate in the field it is quite probable that many distinguished members of that party will add their votes to the great total which will be piled up for the Republican nominee next Tuesday. He is a man whose capabilities have marked him for the position and his majority should be the largest ever accorded a candidate in the history of McKean county.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26, 1903.

The Ohio and Maryland campaigns continue to absorb the interest of politicians here and the prospects of the Republicans in each look bright. Senator Hanna has completely regained his health and seems to gain in force and enthusiasm as the contest progresses, while Tom Johnson and Clarke have worn themselves out. In Maryland the Republican factions have buried their differences, at least for the present, and are united in their attempts to rescue the State from the Gorman thraldom. This is due largely to the influence of the President, who has shown such keen interest in the State campaign. Senator Hanna's recent attack on Bryan has caused a good deal of amusement among Republicans here. He said, "He (Bryan) has told that a panic was impending. He ought to know because he helped to bring on one panic." Bryan's visits to Ohio induced me to make a visit to Nebraska in 1900. I spoke three times in Lincoln, Bryan's own town, and Bryan that year did not carry his own precinct, his own ward, his own town, his own county, his own State. Mr. Bryan has said I would not dare to come to Zanesville, because forsooth a soap factory had failed. Perhaps if it had not failed, and some of William Jennings Bryan's followers had used some of that soap it might have done them good." One of the amusing incidents of the Maryland campaign is the effort to teach the illiterate voters, a large percentage of whom are white, how to mark the ballot, as the new election laws forbid any assistance in the voting booth, except in the case of physical disability. There will be seven names on the ballot and those who cannot read will have great difficulty in marking the right one. The negroes are well organized and the Republicans gather them together in nightly meetings to teach them to recognize the word "Republican." The greatest difficulty in the past was to teach them to distinguish between the Republican and Prohibition names, as to an illiterate "R" and "P" look very much alike. The white illiterate Democrats are ashamed to receive this public instruction, and many of their votes will thus be lost to the party.

Republicans will have complete control of the Fifty-eighth Congress which meets in extra session on November 9. Their majority in the Senate will be twenty-four and the House thirty. Many new faces are seen among the members who arrive in Washington. Twelve Senators will see their first service except for the last few days extra session of the Senate last spring. There will be 178 new members in the House, among them William Randolph Hearst with aspires to the Democratic nomination next year. Mr. Gorman will attempt to lead a united Democratic minority in the Senate and as he, too, has Presidential aspirations, he will be watched more closely than usual. His resentment at the President's attempts to harmonize the Republican factions in Maryland, together with the fact that his brother has been dismissed from a position in the Treasury Department, will not tend toward the increase of good feeling between the leader of the Democratic minority and the administration. Short, economical and business-like is the Republican program for the extra and regular sessions which precede the Presidential election.

The general board of the navy, of which Admiral Dewey is President, has mapped out plans for the protection of American interests in the Far East in the event of a war between Japan and Russia. In such an event Rear Admiral Evans, commander of the Asiatic fleet, would be instructed to send squadrons to the Manchurian ports of Mukden and Antung, which under the terms of the Chinese treaty with this country are to be opened to American trade. At a recent meeting of the joint army and navy board the question of providing proper defences for the Philippines was considered. The board did not hesitate to say that the islands were in a defenceless condition, and that Congress should be asked to provide funds for the erection of fortifications which would render Manila and Subig Bay invulnerable to an attack from the sea. It is estimated that at least $50,000,000 would be necessary to build adequate modern fortifications and Congress will probably be asked to authorize at once the beginning of the work.

"Congratulate you and thank you heartily on behalf of the American people" was the message sent by the President to the American representatives on the Alaskan Boundary Commission, when the award was made known in London last week. Owing to the fact that Lord Alverstone, the British commissioner, was convinced of the justice of the American claims a majority of the commission was able to reach a decision, which is final and settles for all time the long disputed question of the Alaskan boundary. The two Canadian commissioners refused to sign the award although they signed the map as that agreed upon by the majority. The line established gives us nearly all the territory in dispute and runs so far east as to shut Canada off from all the bays, inlets and other means of access to the sea, from Portland canal to Mount St. Elias. This gives us entire possession of the Lynn canal which is the main entrance to the Klondike region and the territory which Canada was most anxious to obtain. The Portland canal, together with the islands of Pearse and Wales, was given to Canada, but the two smaller islands, which lie just outside and are of immense strategic value, remain in our possession. The islands also command Port Simpson which is to be the terminus of the new transcontinental railway. The Canadian commissioners are bitter in their criticism of the award while the Canadian public calls in question the honesty of the British government and its representative, the Lord Chief Justice Alverstone. They declare that the formalities of the international tribunal were used merely to trade Canadian territory for the friendship of this country, and that Canada will no longer dare to trust her interests to the care of the British government. Sentiment in England is divided between those who say that Canada has just cause of complaint and those who declare that the refusal of the Canadian commissioners to sign the award, as well as the general attitude of the colonists, is undignified and an insult to the highest judicial representative of the British empire. The Canadians relieve their feelings by talk of annexation and independence, but no importance is attached to such talk here, except as an indication of the independence of feeling in Canada as well as her loose connection with the mother country. It is of interest, however, to notice that the resentment of our northern neighbors is directed against England and not against the United States.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Bring your boy here for his new suit or overcoat, maybe both. Every garment of style, fit and service to be desired will be found in our boys' suits and winter overcoats. This dept. is noted for its remarkable low prices.

Small boys suits, 4 to 10 years, plain, or neat, tasty color effects. Norfolk style, $1.98, $2.50 to $5.00

Boys 6 to 14 years, suits of fine all wool mixtures from best makers, large assortment, $2.50 $4.50 $7.00

Boys heavy winter overcoats in the new military style, small sizes $2.98 to $5; large sizes $3.98 to $6.00.

Boys' school knee pants possessing excellent wearing qualities, warranted not to rip, 50c a pair, others 75 and $1.00 per pair.

Boys flannel and cotton waists 75c to $1.00.

NCTIONS

It is the saying on the small things that help to pay for the large things. Compare these prices with what you are in the habit of paying elsewhere for the same goods: Brooks spool cotton, 100 yards, 2c spool; Sweet Violet soap 5c cake; Pure Castile soap, 1 lb. bar 10c; pearl buttons 5c doz.; pillow cords, all colors, 3½ yards long, 10c each; ladies' hook-on supporters 10c pair; Barbour's linen finish carpet thread, 100 yards to a spool, 5c each; large rubber dressing combs 5c each; leather wrist bags in black, brown and gray, 25c each.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES. ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce

Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts

respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terhune Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier.

H. W. RUBIN.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to store of

D. C. YOUNG

and do your trading. Best assorted stock in town. Do not forget to ask for

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

When you get a book filled you can get one of the finest premiums ever offered in exchange for trading stamps. If you have not already seen the premiums it will pay you to call and look them over. Then look over premiums given by dealers in other trading stamps and you can satisfy yourself which are the best. To those merchants who are sneaking about town exchanging inferior stamps for purple trading stamps, would say, come to my store and I can make arrangements for you to have all the stamps and get them in an honorable way. If there are any of my customers who have been taken in by this underhanded dealing, would say to them, come to my store and start a new book on same terms your original book was started.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings

Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doings is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks and Shoes.

THE PACKARD SHOE

FOR MEN

is noted for its superiority of fit, durability and style.

We have a full line of all styles of

Patent Colt,
Enamel,
Vici Kid,
Velour,
Box Calf.

The prices are

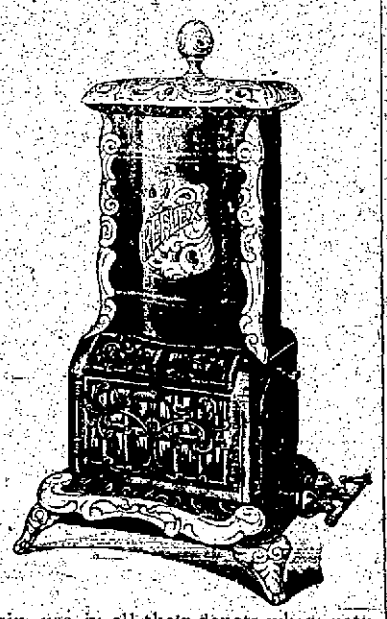
$3, $3.50, $3.75, $4 and $5

Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction.

UNION MADE.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Note change in millinery advertisement of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Two more students of Warner's Business College have taken positions.

—Attend the football game at Kane held this afternoon. Game calls at 1 o'clock.

—A number of Hallowe'en parties are announced for Friday and Saturday evenings.

—The Olean papers speak well of "A Foxy Tramp," which will play at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—D. C. Young has a new advertisement this week, in which he tells some things about trading stamps.

—A new steam heating system is being put into St. Luke's church. H. H. Redfield has the contract for the work.

—A black bear was shot and killed by Albert Strong near Kane last Friday. Bears appear to be quite plentiful this season.

—Mrs. John Wardecker of Carlisle, Pa., died at her home one day last week. She was a sister of Mrs. Frank Kerns of this borough.

—Roulette has a "woman on horseback." It is reported she is a Mexican woman on the trail of her truant lover. She travels by night.

—We capitulated to the school teachers this week. In this case "we" is not used in the editorial sense, but as the townspeople in general.

—The pacing record was broken again last Thursday. Dan Patch paced a mile in 1:56¼. Two running horses were used to pace and a windshield was used.

—The Baptist young people will give a Hallowe'en party in the basement of their church next Saturday evening, to which all lovers of a good time are invited.

—The Lyceum orchestra gave a dancing party at the Lyceum Tuesday evening which was a decided success. The party was largely attended by the visiting teachers and everybody had a good time. The members of the orchestra cleared a snug sum on this occasion.

—H. W. Rubin has just returned from New York, where he purchased an immense stock of men's, boys' and children's clothing. Watch for advertisement next week.

—The Columbia College football team of New York defeated the University of Pennsylvania by a score of 18 to 6 on Saturday last. This adds one more surprise to football results.

—Miss Lucile M. Hinman, assistant principal of the Austin schools, who was instructor at the institute in Potter county last week, has charge of the music and physical culture here this week.

—The military ball given under the auspices of Company C at Bradford last Thursday evening was a decided success. The attendance was large and many notables in military circles were present.

—Under the caption of "Partnership Dissolved" the Bradford Era tells how William T. Seabright killed his partner, John Lubie, in the saloon business at Benwood, W. Va., on Monday. They had quarreled over business affairs.

—The ladies of the Travellers' Club desire to thank most cordially all who so liberally donated and otherwise aided in making the rummage sale a success. Special thanks are also extended to the Lyceum orchestra for service rendered.

—The gift of a thousand dollars in perpetuity to the Methodist church by Mrs. Eunice Colegrove will be recognized in the unveiling of a tablet and suitable services at the church next Sunday morning. The evening subject is "Does Every Man Have His Price?"

—Jonathan Adams, who has been an invalid for some time, died at his home in Derrick City on Monday. The deceased is survived by his wife, two sons, Milo S. Adams, superintendent of the Coryville chemical works, William Adams of Findlay, Ohio, and three daughters.

—One of the most beautiful stage effects is that of the Double Sextette singing "Tell Me Dusky Maiden." The Jangle Dance, "Loo, Loo, oo, Loo, Loo." Praise of more than the ordinary sort is due to Miss Emma A. Baynard, the dashing prima donna, as "Lady Winter Bottom." The specialty features of this company (The Famous Troubadours) are very fine. They will appear at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, November 4.

—The following from James B. Black of Olean will be of interest to his many friends here: "Bruce McDonald Black arrived Tuesday afternoon. He is a fine 8¼ pound boy. His mother is doing splendidly—all that we could hope to ask for."

—Before you send your son or daughter to school consider carefully the personality of the teachers. What is their character, what are their ideals and what has been their training? In these respects the instructors in the Clarion State Normal School rank high as educators.

—The Smethport band (or rather the remnant thereof) gave a concert on the streets and although weak in numbers they furnished some very good music. This band should be encouraged to reorganize, for a band such as we could have in this place is of great benefit to any town.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (All Saints' Day) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects of the lessons will be "The Communion of Saints" and "The Friendship of David and Jonathan." There will be special music for the Feast of All Saints.

—The bowling record for Smethport was broken by Ward Means at the athletic club alleys last Friday evening. The score was 250, three more than the previous record made by Harold Buckus. All these records are made on standard alleys and should not be classed with records made on short alleys.

—A black bear, weighing 300 pounds, was brought to town yesterday. It was killed by Frank Ovitt, a son of John D. Ovitt, the famous hunter of Norwich township. It is one of the largest specimens killed in this section in a long time. His pearship is on exhibition at Ovitt's meat market on Mechanic St.

—Only a short time ago a Titusville girl married a foreign "nobleman," and now the distinguished husband is being sued by a syndicate of bankers and money-lenders who advanced him the needful to pursue his campaign for a wealthy wife. Foreign titles come high but some of our girls must have them at any cost.

—A new stone sidewalk has been laid in front of M. S. Coates' property on Main street, occupied by A. J. Warshofsky. Native sandstone is used in this walk and it should be "push-hammered" before it is satisfactory. This should be done at once, as now it is rougher than the old board walk including the holes.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. excursion to St. Marys was well patronized last Sunday all along the line. When the train reached Smethport an extra engine and one coach were added to the train, and the five coaches were well filled before St. Marys was reached. About forty from this place participated and all were well pleased with the trip.

—George E. Kriner, aged 17 years, 7 months and 19 days, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kriner, working for John McCutcheon at Oleona, Potter county, was instantly killed last Thursday afternoon while working on the skidway, his dead remains being found by some of the men immediately after the accident, a large log on top of him.—Emporium Press.

—Circumstances having prevented the carrying out of their previous arrangement, Rev. P. D. Jacobus of Port Allegany and Rev. P. S. Calvin of this place have entered into a second arrangement to exchange pulpits. Rev. Jacobus will preach in the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening and also in the Union church, East Smethport, in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Another trotting record has been established. Lou Dillon, queen of trotters, went a mile at the Memphis Driving Park last Saturday afternoon in 1:58½. No wind shield was used and the weather conditions were unfavorable there being considerable wind. She was driven by Millard Sanders and was paced by two running horses. The quarter was made in 30 seconds, the half in 59½, the three-quarters in 1:28½ and the full mile in 1:58½.

—Dan Patch (1:56¼) smashed two world's records at the Memphis track Tuesday afternoon. First he went against the world's half mile pacing record of 57½ seconds, held by Prince Alert, and clipped a second and a half from the record, negotiating the distance in 56 seconds flat. Next he hung out a new world's record for a mile pacing to wagon, making the mile in 1:57¼, two seconds better than the time of 1:59¼ which he made at the recent meeting on the Lexington, Ky., track, which stood as the world's record until Tuesday afternoon.

—The Smethport postoffice will be moved into the Redfield building at the corner of Main and Fulton streets on Monday, November 1. This change was to have been made October 1, but some needed repairs on the building prevented it on that date. New wainscotting has been put around the room and it has also been repainted. A door has been put into the rear of the Fulton street side of this building and a window placed where the side door was. The front door will be used as an entrance and the side door as an exit, which will greatly relieve the jam so often experienced in the postoffice.

Hoo Hoo

Said mantles? Why we did. Our Hoo Hoo (Black Cat) 10c mantle is the greatest thing made. We have others at other prices. Trading stamps given.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. P. Verdon of Kane had business in town Monday.

E. L. Ryan of Kane was a visitor in town this week.

Murl E. Buckus of Olean was a visitor in town this week.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton had business in Buffalo on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin visited in town over Sunday.

A. M. Thamm and son, John, were over from Bradford last Saturday.

Floyd Hinman was in Bradford on business Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Ola Badger has been visiting Port Allegany friends the past week.

J. L. Morrison leaves to-day for Parkersburg, W. Va., where he has accepted a position.

Miss Mary E. Sclorer of Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney J. Coleman of Port Allegany were guests of Smethport friends Sunday.

Miss Nellie Hourd of DuBois was the guest of Miss Beatrice Elliott from Friday until Sunday.

Misses Ethel Olds and Helen Benson of Olean were the guests of Miss Tavia Raviner on Sunday.

George Shapath drove over from Port Allegany Saturday and spent Sunday with his family in town.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of her father, H. M. Choate, on King street.

A. W. Mitchell leaves to-day for Parkersburg, W. Va. He has entirely recovered from the effects of typhoid fever.

W. O. Hamlin visited St. Marys on Saturday. He went over with some P., S. & N. officials on their gasoline speeder.

Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore of Holdrege, Nebraska, former pastor of the Baptist church in this place, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. H. Sidney Emery, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Eberspacher, for some time, returned to her home in Utica, N. Y., on Monday.

Ray Wolters of Manistee, Mich., who was the guest of his mother, Mrs. S. McClure, returned home Tuesday. Ray looked at his best and spoke favorably of his Western home.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

Just received, a new lot of watches and jewelry at Holder's, the Carter store.

Get your oysters at Harrington's Restaurant. They are the best.

Get a nice piece of bear meat to-day at Ovitt's market.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Friday, October 30.

Look Out for the Locomotive!

Charles Carley and H. Stanley Lewis
Presents the Realistic Comedy Drama,

A Foxy Tramp

SEE

The Monster "Atlantic" Locomotive
The Struggle in the Underground Den
The P. R. R. Signal System in Operation
The Realistic Safe-Blowing Scene
The Comical but Honest "Hobo"

GEORGE COTTER
as "Weary Willie."
MISS EDYTHE JAMES
as "Dora Lester."

Watch for Grand Free Street Parade led by Prof. Jacoby's Grenadier Guards Band.

Prices, 25, 35, 50, 75c

Reserved seats at H. C. Wells.

New Goods

coming in every day.

Our stock of

MILLINERY

is very large and up-to-date in every respect.

We also carry a large stock of ladies' furnishing. An elegant line of furs just received.

Ask for purple stamps.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

WESTBROOK

We need 25 young men now to qualify for good office positions this year. Graduates of past 21 years for reference. Send for booklet and rates. Students begin any time.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
Olean, N. Y.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

FURS

A superb stock of fine furs for the season of 1903 is now on sale here.

We have a bigger selection and better values than ever before and guarantee to meet your fur needs at the best possible advantage to you.

Our assortment includes all the new styles and shapes made to our order from the best grades of popular skins. They are being sold in a way that is at the least 10 per cent. under the high rent city store prices.

Scarfs and Muff $1.00 to $47.50.
Seal Jackets $35.00 to $47.50.

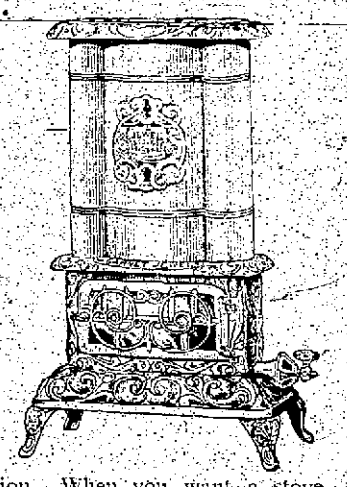
FALL WAISTS

The waists this fall are a radical departure from other years, that that much use is made of the fine cotton vestings. The change will please you we are sure. Of course flannels and silks are not lost sight of, but honors are certainly divided. You'll find pleasure and profit in looking them over.

Prices $1.00 to $5.75.

An Emblem of Economy,

The Name Garnet Jewel



found on Heating Stoves is the one sign by which you can always tell the best. It is recognized everywhere as a mark of perfection, as an emblem of economy, as a guarantee of perfection. When you want a stove that will give you the greatest heat with the least fuel, that will last longest with the least need of repair, buy a

JEWEL

Trading Stamps Given.

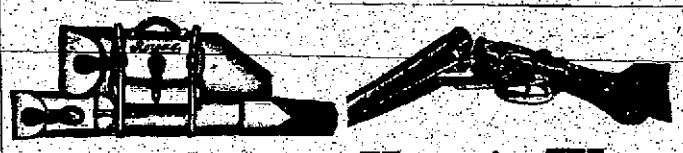
HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

A CARD.

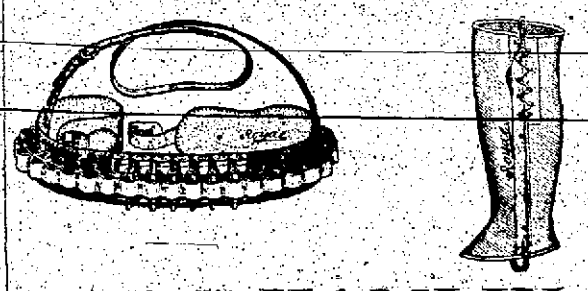
We are now buying our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

PRILL,
ART JEWELER,
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

HEADQUARTERS
For Guns and Sporting Goods.



If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.



J. C. HAMLIN

CUPID AND THE MUD CLERK

By W. W. HINES

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They rate on the company's pay roll as third clerks. Unofficially, but more correctly, they are known as mud clerks.

Jimmy Boynton was mud clerk on the big side wheel steamboat Rena Stanton, and he was proud of the fact.

Now, the chief clerk on a Mississippi river boat is a dignitary of no mean importance, while the second clerk is almost as impressive an individual. The mud clerk is the youngster who follows the foremost deck hand off the gangplank at every landing and checks the freight. When he jumps off the gangplank he generally lands in mud up to his knees. The reason why he never receives his rightful title of third clerk is obvious.

Some men might not consider this pleasant work, but it suited Jimmie. He knew, too, that the way of a mud clerk, if properly directed, leads to a chief clerkship and eventually to a post as captain. Meantime he was a happy go lucky sort of lad who was liked by every one from the captain down to the negro deck hands, more commonly known as "rousters."

On this particular evening he was at peace with himself, the world and even the rousters who were unloading the cargo of cotton on the levee. Jimmy was mechanically checking the numbers atop the bales, but a strange sort of inner consciousness was drinking in the beauty of the scene before him. The setting sun had turned the muddy waters to a sensuous, laving silver. Just beyond, the ripples made by the slowly turning paddle wheels of the boat in the reverse motion necessary to counteract the force of the current lay a tiny island, formed by the cutting in two of a long, narrow sand bar. A few cottonwood trees nodded lazily on the willful bit of land. To his right the old levee had crumbled away, and a new one had been built behind it, forming an artificial lake fringed with tall cottonwood trees and marred stumps of cypress. Across the stream the mighty force of water had cut into an island, and every time the boat passed up and down the river the contour of the bank had changed. Sometimes only a foot or two had been sliced away. Sometimes whole acres had disappeared.

It was a marvelous power was this mother of waters, and yet Jimmie thought exultantly that he was master of it. He could ride it, turn its force into money, make it earn him position and promotion. And, thinking thus, he decided that he would not trade jobs just now with his own congressman. And then she came on the scene, and he suddenly discovered that it might be desirable to be a congressman after all and wear glossy boots and unstained trousers.

It all happened very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that he stopped in the midst of a mighty volley of very forcible language aimed at a lazy rouster, dropped his stub of a pencil and, in blissful ignorance of what he was doing, stood deliberately staring at the dainty vision tripping up the gangplank.

The vision wore something very fluffy and thin and blue, with something thinner still at her throat and wrists, something which fluttered about very coquettishly when she turned her head or lifted her skirts. And her broad-brimmed hat was wreathed in the plikest of pink roses. Jimmie had only one brief glimpse, but he remembered quite distinctly that the blue in her dress and in her eyes matched perfectly, likewise the pink in her hat and her lips.

Now, of course any authority on fashion could have informed Jimmie that the vision was most badly dressed for traveling, but to Jimmie "good form" was an unknown quantity. He decided that the vision must be a daughter of a railroad president at least, and probably had a million or two in her own right. Having reached this decision, he finished the volley of language, picked up his pencil and resolutely turned his back on the vision.

But visions such as Miss Lorena Thomas possess a haunting quality. The ladies' cabin, so called by courtesy, lay at the other end of the long, narrow, oval expanse, but Jimmie was thoroughly convinced that Miss Thomas could see his mud-spattered garments as he rushed through his report in front of the clerk's desk. So expeditiously did he complete this task that the Rena Stanton had not got under full headway before Jimmie bolted into his tiny stateroom in search of the only other pair of trousers he possessed.

They met at the supper table, and when the meal was over Jimmie thanked his stars that, after all, he was only the mud clerk.

Both the first and second clerk had desk work before them, and Jimmie had only a long, lazy evening on deck, during which he could show Miss Thomas the beauties of his river life.

There were moments when this pleasure palled, however. That was when the soft, thin stuff at Miss Thomas' neck and wrists fluttered with a particularly elegant air or the pink roses in her hat bent with languid dignity in his direction. They seemed to remind him that daughters of railroad presidents with their purple and fine linen, which in this instance appeared in the form of forgetmenot blue and rose pink, were not for mud clerks, even if the latter had flattering prospects. He had about decided to lead up to the topic of her family when the Kate Adams hove in sight, and they leaned against the rail while Jimmie discoursed upon the feats performed by this the fastest boat on the river. In truth, Jimmie's ambition had once stopped with the captaincy of the Kate Adams, but now he thought with a sigh, "What is the Kate Adams after all?"

But he did not linger on the thought. Everything happened too quickly. Miss Thomas in her excitement had climbed up on the foot rail when the impertinent evening breeze took a fancy to the pink crowned hat. Away it went. There was a shrill shriek, and something blue and fluttering bent a little too far over and then went after the hat. And after both went Jimmie.

* * * * * * *

It must be admitted that under the influence of a blanket, some hot grog and the fulsome praise of one or two of his comrades Jimmie indulged in some romantic day dreams. He had a picture of a grateful railroad president, a pink and blue vision with downcast eyes and a brown eyed young man being very magnanimous, but nevertheless accepting a lifetime devotion in return for a cold plunge. Then the effects of the grog wore off, and Jimmie shook himself vigorously.

The next morning he stood diffidently in Miss Thomas' presence. Gone were the blue frock with its lace frills and the beautiful rose crowned hat. A very sober, sad eyed young woman clad in a simple gingham dress murmured her thanks.

Jimmie shifted from one foot to the other and tried to hide his embarrassment, but when Miss Thomas burst into tears he forgot differences of station and sat down beside her.

"Oh, I reckon you won't be any the worse for the ducking," he said by way of consolation, wishing he could take the sobbing figure in his arms and say something more comforting.

"It isn't the wetting I mind, but—but—my—oh, my dress! I sewed three weeks for Aunt Myra to pay for that dress, and I—I was so proud of it. I know I shall never have another one as pretty as long as I live."

"Yes, you will," declared Jimmie, with the air of a prophet who knew his calling. "Just you wait," he added mysteriously. "Why, you'll have one of 'em every summer; see if you don't."

The girl dried her eyes and looked at him in wonder, but he hardly noticed her expression. He was thinking ecstatically that you cannot always tell a railroad president's daughter by her clothes.

And it was not until Jimmie became chief clerk of the Rena Stanton and settled his bride and her widowed mother in a neat little cottage at Natchez that he discovered that very pretty muslin could be bought for 12½ cents a yard, with pink roses at 50 cents a spray. That was when he insisted upon choosing the bridal gown and ruled severely against the loveliest cotton back white satin at 37½ cents per yard.

Take Your Time Eating.

Here is an example that is worth remembering and following. Horace Fletcher writes of an experience that he had while traveling on a railway with the proverbial twenty minutes for dinner in which to satisfy a laboring man's appetite. There was an excellent array of good things on the lunch counter to eat and drink, and from these he made a selection rather than attempt the regular dinner. He chose plump ham sandwiches, creamy milk and a large piece of pie. The twenty minutes was ample time for disposing of sandwiches and milk, while he had the pie put in paper to give epicurean enjoyment on the train. He says:

"If I had put the pie and sandwiches and the milk into my stomach in seven or eight minutes, which, by actual observation, is the gluttonous rate of dispatching a station meal, I would have lost two-thirds of nutriment, more than one-half of taste and taken on twenty-four hours of discomfort, possibly inviting a cold and creating an 'open door' for any migrating microbes that were floating about in my atmosphere looking for strained tissue or fermenting food in which to build their disease nests."

Observation proves that you cannot get more nutriment into your stomach than salivation prepares, "gulp" though you may, but you can take in a load of disease possibilities in trying to force or evade proper salivation.—Cooking Club.

Women In Poland.

Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. Polish ladies maintain that when they shop in Vienna and show their small feet with the high instep to be fitted the tradesmen exclaim, "Ah, those are Polish feet!"

But their pleasure in this distinction is not so much a matter of personal vanity as of satisfaction in the superiority of anything belonging to their country, for they are fervidly patriotic.

The lady of position rises between 11 and 12 in the forenoon and goes to bed at 4 o'clock the next morning. She drives from one visit to another, but in reality she is laboring all day for public interests. Everything, the foundling of a library, a hospital, a sewing school, is made to strengthen the Polish cause. Four ladies do not meet on a charity committee, says George Brandes, without taking some measure, under that innocent pretext, for the national benefit.

As a consequence of this charm and spirit, the women of Poland receive from the men a courtesy amounting to homage. Men always rise in a tram car to give a lady a seat. At any public place a chair may be ruthlessly demanded of even the most distinguished official present, with the sufficient explanation, "for a lady."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING." $5 for a any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison, Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zing's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c. DR. ZING MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa. For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

SAGACITY OF MR. SAGE.

His Reason For Refusing to Advance Another Loan.

One day a young man of Russell Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of $10 for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later the young man came to see him again and this time asked him for $100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to aid. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back, and I did."

"Yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage, "you paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."—Collier's Weekly.

A Peruvian Superstition.

The girls of the Peruvian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost. The experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, saying, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possession, return to her again.

Trees in Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees that are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the kami or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled and she thinks revenge would be sweet she makes a straw manikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful she may also make one of her hated rivals. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and, clad in a white nightdress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?" It will take you only a minute's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully and should be freely bestowed.—Exchange.

Animals and Sight.

In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The sea, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter of its own length. Different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better off; they see at fifteen to twenty times their length.

A Narrow Footing.

Smarticus—I didn't know Offseeker had had any experience as a tight rope walker.

Sparticus—He hasn't.

Smarticus—Without it I don't see how he's performing the feat of which he is accused—running on his own merits.—Baltimore American.

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth and so forth.

Cleverton—And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life.

Bravery.

"John," whispered the good woman in the dead of the night, "there are burglars downstairs."

"You go down, dear," replied John sleepily. "They wouldn't dare to strike a woman."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

WHY CUBS ARE KILLED.

Prison Life Often Robs Animals of Maternal Spirit.

Among the huge cages of the carnivorous animals—the lithe tigress, the treacherous and soft footed leopardess and frequently even the generous lioness herself—the life of a baby wild animal becomes sometimes a tale of bloodshed and tragedy. Nagged and galled by prison bars, by narrow confines that make exercise impossible and by the excitement of throngs of sightseers, these naturally nervous and high strung brutes become overwrought to a pitch where they satisfy an unnatural cannibal appetite on their own flesh and blood.

Like little bundles of sunshine the kittens of these ferocious brutes appear, mewing plaintively with tight shut eyes and groping in the darkness. Thousands of them have been born behind the bars of menagerie cages—no fault lies with the stork himself—but most frequently the irresponsible, crazy mothers pounce upon and devour them or else injure them beyond hope of recovery. When the watchfulness and a pitchfork of a keeper succeed in rescuing one of these kittens, it is given in charge of some big mother dog, which adopts the stranger and rears him.

Now and then, however, some strong, healthy, intelligent member of this ferocious family ceases to worry and fret at captivity, and the maternal instinct crippling to the fore, the care of a litter of cubs becomes a welcome relief from the stern monotony of prison life.—A. W. Rolker in McClure's.

When Beards Were Barred.

In the early part of the last century a social tyranny prevailed which regarded the beard as an outrage, says an English writer. At one time only four men in Birmingham had courage to wear beards. They were followers of Joanna Southcott. They did it in imitation of the apostles and were jeered at in the streets. George Frederick Muntz, one of the first two members elected in Birmingham, was the first member who ventured to wear a beard in the house of commons, and he would have been insulted had he not been a powerful man and carried a heavy Malacca cane, which he was known to apply to any one who offered him a personal affront. The Rev. Edmund R. Larken of Burton rectory, near Lincoln, was the first clergyman (that was as late as 1852) who appeared in the pulpit with a beard, but he shaved the upper lip as an apology for the audacity of his chin. George Dawson was the first nonconformist preacher who delivered a sermon in a full blown mustache and beard, which was taken in both cases as an unmistakable sign of latitudinarianism in doctrine. In the bank clerk or the workman it was worse. It was flat insubordination not to shave.

The Natives Had Scruples.

There is an amusing story told about an old time south sea trader. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines.

It happened that the firm who furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to change their labels, that their goods might be more easily distinguished from others. The mark chosen was a red dragon.

The natives came with their copra to trade as usual. The new tins were shown them, but they recoiled with horror and gave the trader to understand that they had had some religious instruction and were not to be deluded into eating tinned devil.

The trader was forced to eat his stock of mutton himself, for not a native could be persuaded to touch the accursed thing.

Exchange of Compliments.

A village sexton in a Pennsylvania town, in addition to being gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, carpenter and furniture mover. The local doctor, having decided to locate in another county, employed the sexton to assist in removing his household goods. All went well until it came to settlement, when the doctor deducted an old account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture, using these words: "If this was steady it would pay much better than gravedigging."

In a few days back came this reply: "Indeed, I would be glad of a steady job. Gravedigging is very slack since you left the county."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Best of Three.

After a criminal case in which Sir Frank Lockwood had secured an acquittal for the prisoners, Lord Brampton, then Sir Henry Hawkins, privately congratulated him on the excellent way in which he had conducted the case and remarked especially on the allbi that had been established. "Yes," was the characteristic reply, "I thought it was pretty good—anyhow, the best of the three I had offered to me!"—Golden Penny.

He Knew Right Off.

"Ah," sighed the wretched Mr. Newpop, "what can be more wearing on the nerves than a baby that cries all night long?"

"Twins," answered the man who had been through it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Opposition.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. It is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardships and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance.—John Neal.

Our duty is to be useful not according to our desires, but according to our powers.—Amiel.

INSURANCE. Life, Fire and Accident written by W. F. SPECHT, SMETHPORT, PA. In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dreiser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—A. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hasberg, president; Miss Tara Rayiner, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. B. McCoy, C. C. Cupsie.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. MYLLIE B. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. E. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Garland A. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30, p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 125, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:00 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:45 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:05 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and sleeping cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Washington.

12:15 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:35 p. m., New York 7:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m., week days, (11:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 45
9 50	Johnsonburg	12 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	12 27
10 18	Straight	12 19
10 20	Instanter	12 15
10 26	Smith's Run	12 09
10 34	Woodvale	12 02
10 40	Clermont	11 56
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:00 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 6:30 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-President.
J. R. WOOD, General Manager.
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. A. Clymmer, Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penna.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
1:00	8:10	lv	Mt. Jewett	ar 8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:39	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:36	11:45	4:01
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:38	4:14
5:21	2:00	8:40	Russon	7:26	11:34	4:10
5:26	2:07	8:47	Cobres	7:19	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:11	11:19	3:55
p.m.				a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
5:54	1:26	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:19	3:55
6:06	2:37	9:26	Mullen	7:09	11:08	3:24
6:07	2:03	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:23
6:14	2:15	9:34	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:15
6:20	2:30	9:40	Larabee	6:54	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	STATIONS. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	Lv Westward. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10		Ulysses	7.30	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10		Crowell	7.27	2.22	9.13
7.46	0	1.57		Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53		Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50		New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45		Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41		Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35		Raymond	7.50	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24		Sowan Bdge	8.04	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20		Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.19
6.25	6.10	1.12		Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.30
6.15	0	1.05		N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.		Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13		Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09		Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05		Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59		Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55		Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.15	11.47		Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41		Colemin		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0		Chem. Wks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt.	Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with E. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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LOVE IS BLIND

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

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John Haley came down the back steps, the model and pattern of unary dejection. At sight of him Mrs. Corson frowned. She did not need to be told her daughter Helen had refused Johnny's hand for the eleventh time.

Mrs. Corson wanted Johnny in the family. He was such an all round good fellow and well to do, to say nothing of how beautifully his farm dovetailed with the Corson acres. When he came abreast of her she could not help saying, "Well, of all idiots in the world you and Helen are certainly the most idiotic."

"I have been a fool," Johnny admitted savagely, "letting a girl keep me dangling after her five years. Helen wasn't fifteen"—

"She has less than the sense of fifteen now, and so have you," Mrs. Corson interrupted impatiently. "You

SOBBING OUT HER LOVE AND PENITENCE.

have stuffed her head so full of novels and poetry she's clean beyond plain, everyday common sense."

"How can I help it?" Johnny said in a voice of deep injury. "I didn't know. I wanted only to show her I was liberal."

"Oh, you are imbecile!" Mrs. Corson broke in. "As if that would go with a high strung girl. Of course Helen wants her own way—and gets it most of the time. But she thinks she wants to make great and solemn sacrifices for the man she loves. If she can't do that she can't love him. If you were to have smallpox or lose your farm or break your back—anything, indeed, but break your neck—she'd want to marry you out of hand."

"Think so?" Johnny asked, grinning faintly.

"I don't think—I know!" Mrs. Corson retorted confidently.

"I reckon I am stupid; seems like I ain't had my right senses except in horse trotting never since I've been courting Helen," Johnny said, the grin deepening.

"Oh, go along home!" Mrs. Corson retorted. Johnny stood for a minute, like one lost in thought, then squared his shoulders, brought his heels well together, said in a loud, strained voice: "Goodby, ma'am. I'll write. You're mighty near all the mother I've ever known. I'll never forget your goodness whether I fetch up in South Africa or the Klondike. No, I shan't come over again. The sooner I'm off the better." Then in a quick, husky whisper, as he bent to kiss her cheek: "You listen out for accidents about day after tomorrow."

Perhaps Johnny did not know the obdurate Miss Helen was standing at the window, well screened by the venetian blinds. He mounted his horse and rode off furiously. As the noise of hoofs died away Mrs. Corson sighed deeply, saying as though to herself: "Poor boy! It hurts me to think of him wandering all over the face of the earth."

"Don't worry, ma," Helen said, flinging open the blinds. "Johnny is not the stuff that makes heroes or martyrs or even travelers. Poor Johnny! If only he was not so hopelessly commonplace I'd marry him—to please you and pa."

"You've thrown away the chance and a mighty good chance," Mrs. Corson said, sighing and shaking her head. Helen laughed merrily. "Why, I can marry him when I please."

She spoke with the conscious power of youth and beauty. Judge then her state of astonishment and despair a week later when she found herself beseeching Johnny to make her his wife, and meeting with refusals as steadfast as they were quiet. There had been a serious accident. Johnny was home again, in a darkened room, with his eyes bandaged and the doctor coming every day.

As to what had happened, Johnny would not say a word. The doctor looked grave and hinted obscurely at damage to the optic nerve that might mean total blindness. But plenty of other folk were ready to swear the accident had been no accident, but rather deed of daring on Johnny's part. He had come upon two rough fellows robbing an inoffensive peddler and had put the robbers to rout, but not before one of them had fired directly across his eyes. He was powder burned on cheeks and forehead—so much was certain.

Johnny, suppliant or augry, to be twisted around her little finger, was one person; Johnny, stern and resolved, putting her away in spite of pleading, very much another. All at once Helen awoke to the knowledge that she loved him. She had rushed to him at the first word of trouble meaning only to sympathize and console. It was his voice, pathetically brave, still more pathetically full of renunciation, which had shown her what was in her own heart. "No; I can't let you stay, Helen," he had said, letting her hand fall. "I know you too well. You are so sorry for me you might come to love me. Why, I've seen you often and over get fond of a lame dog. Ever since this" a sort of gulp at the word—"happened I have been so glad you didn't care for me, because I love you so well I won't let you ruin your future. I'm a common, crossroads sort—nothing like your fine gentleman, but at least I can play you fair."

Then Helen, by turns hot and cold, had knelt and laid her head on his shoulder, sobbing out her love and penitence. She could feel Johnny swallowing hard. But he held obstinately by what he had said. It was the same the next day, the next and the next.

At the end of a week Papa Corson took a hand. "You are trying hard to tie a millstone around your neck," he said unfeelingly. "I might not object to that so very much if only the millstone was willing. Johnny Haley has got enough to keep two people out of the poorhouse. He's a mighty strong notion he don't want you. Unless you want to make yourself a laughing stock you'll keep out of his way."

Helen had not been scolded all her twenty years for nothing. She listened, growing angrier and angrier all the time. But she turned away without a word and ten minutes later had bundled her mother into the phaeton and was driving like mad toward the country town. The business that took her there was soon transacted, and then the horses' heads turned toward the Haley farm. There Helen burst in upon Johnny, took a hand in his and said tremulously over her shoulder to a man who followed in her wake with Mrs. Corson on his arm: "We are ready, Dr. Lansing. Please marry us quickly, no matter what Johnny says. He may not be quite right in his mind."

Johnny almost sprang up. Helen's hand shook so he knew she needed support. His eyes were still bandaged, but the curls on top of his head seemed to wink at the minister, who stood twiddling the license uncertainly.

"Let her go, parson!" Johnny called out joyously, drawing Helen a little closer. He made the responses in a suspiciously strong voice and at the end tossed his blinders to the other side of the room.

"Helen! Sweetheart! Wife!" he cried. "I'd have to see you right now, even if it cost me my eyes. But I'm not blind nor going to be, even though that cannon cracker did singe my eyebrows"—

"It is I who have been blind all these years," Helen interrupted. Then catching the twinkle in her mother's eyes: "I understand now. You two conspired to make me see."

The Kaffirs Thought It a Joke.

I once took some Kaffirs from their desolate homes in the more desolate gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a wayside shop. The Kaffir saw the money change hands.

"How is this?" he inquired in surprise. "Do you have to pay for food in this country?"

"Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man in amazement. Then, after pondering awhile, he continued doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country. He might starve."

"It is quite possible."

The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard. He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus.—Where Three Empires Meet.

A One Volume Man.

A curious example of generous obstinacy was a stout English countryman who inquired for a nice book to read, "one with a story in." On several being placed before him, he examined them attentively and picked out the middle volume of a "three decker" with the remark, "This 'ere's my sort. What's the price?"

"Oh," was the reply, "this is only the second volume. The story goes through three. The set is half a crown."

"Hauve a crown! Well, I'll gie ye that for that one book. It's a pretty one enough."

"But won't you have the other two as well? You'd better."

"Naw. I don't like th' beginnin' of a story. I can't get formd wi' it. An' I don't like th' endin'. I don't know as how it's comed about. But in th' middle in I'm into th' thick of it right off. No, I'll only tak' th' middle bit. It'll set me up for a month." And, cramming the book into his pocket he put down his half crown and disappeared with a "Good night" before the other volumes could be given to him.—Chambers' Journal.

THE WORD "BUT."

An Analysis of the American Habit of Using It.

The word "but" is sometimes said to be characteristic of Americans. It marks the qualifying spirit, which hesitates at extremes and likes to adjust the balance of truth. If, for instance, somebody speaks extravagantly of Emerson's genius the critical spirit replies, "Yes, he was a genius, but" he had such and such limitations. If, on the other hand, the limitations are mentioned first at another time, the same spirit observes, "Yes, he has those faults, but he is a genius with it all." "But" expresses the desire to have both sides presented. Carried to excess, the habit leads to argumentativeness and carping. The person who gets only argument out of conversation is usually a barren companion. Sometimes also it shows an unkind nature, when the word is used regularly after hearing others praised. It becomes the index of envy or of the absence of enthusiasm. Qualifying too constantly in appreciation is like damning with faint praise, or, rather, praising with an accompaniment of faint damns. The arrant, imaginative temperament makes less use of qualification. Carried along with a rush whether of praise or reproach, it seldom stops to split the hair of exact truth. "But me no buts," it says. The little word is more leniently treated by judicial and scientific minds. Its constant use is typically American, as the English not infrequently allege. It fits in with the proverbial idea of Uncle Sam—a sort of cautious and skeptical New England farmer, with his "Waal, I don't jest know," rather than with the American type which has been developed since the west became a greater element in the compound.—Collier's Weekly.

Narrow Escapes.

Mr. L. Goldingay-Cripps in Chambers' Journal some remarkable instances of narrow escapes and curious fatalities during the siege of Ladysmith. "While at Ranch in Range Lane, which was protected by sand bags, certain officers were engaged in a heated discussion. In anger one of the officers rose from the table and hastily left the hut. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when a shell came whistling through the air and pitched on the roof of the hut. Penetrating the insufficiently protected roof, the shell fell and exploded in the center of the group of officers, killing or terribly wounding every one of them. The officer who a moment before had gone out of the hut did not receive the slightest injury." A doctor who had not stirred from his dugout for a fortnight came out one Sunday, a day on which the Boers, as a rule, did not fire, and was killed by a shell, and the writer was "impelled by a power he could not resist" to dismount from his horse, whose saddle was immediately afterward slit by a fragment of shell.

Life's Rocky Road.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations, says the philosopher of the Atchison Globe. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the important features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him; but when he is grown the little girls kiss him. If he raises a large family he is a chump, but if he raises a small check he is a thief. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest. If he's in politics it's for pie; if he's out of politics you can't place him, and he's no good for his country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does it is for show. If he dies young there was a great future ahead for him; if he lives to an old age he has missed his calling. He is introduced into this world and to the next by the same process. The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it.

Sneezing in the Orient.

Many savage and semicivilized races of the orient have some curious customs regarding the sneeze. When the sultan of Monomotopa sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from the palace by a certain signal. Instantly every subject within hearing of the signal sets up a shout, the cry is taken up by others and so extends until it runs through the confines of his empire. When the sultan of Sennar sneezes, on the contrary, every woman in his harem or within hearing turns her back on him and makes a sign of contempt by smiting her hips with her hands—disgusted that so mighty a personage should have to sneeze like an ordinary mortal.

Little Things.

Little words are the sweetest to hear. Little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing. Little lakes are stillest, and little hearts are the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dewdrops—multum in parvo. Much in little is the great beauty of all that we love best.

Too Frank.

Many fake advantage of what they call a true interest in our welfare in order to rub gall into our wounds. The man who boasts of his frankness and of his hatred of flattery is usually not frank, but only brutal.

Had the Years.

Daughter—George and I are both old enough to marry, papa!

Father—I was wondering if that was the only collateral George had to start with.—Brooklyn Life.

Sir Francis Jeune laid down the axiom that "no woman can love two men at once, while to a man the division of his affections comes naturally."

WHITE ROSES

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

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Dick walked down the avenue slowly, so deeply absorbed that he looked straight at Mrs. De Peyster Jones and cut her, to that young woman's surprise.

"Why, what can the matter be with Dickie?" she said to herself, with an almost irresistible impulse to turn around and look after the melancholy figure sauntering down the street.

Mildred Jones had been a friend of Dick Elton's ever since they had played in the park and gone to dancing school together. Two years before she had married De Peyster Jones, and now one of her greatest pleasures was chaperoning Dick and his various ladyloves.

"I believe Dick's in love again," she exclaimed, half aloud, "or perhaps this is the real thing at last. I wish it were and Dickie would settle down."

At the same moment Dick was passing a florist's. A happy thought struck him.

"I'll settle it tonight," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris say whether she cares for me or not. If she won't have me I'll—I'll"— His eyes wandered up and down the crowded avenue, brilliant in the spring sunshine. I'll do something desperate," he threatened.

He went into the shop, heavy with the fragrance of roses and violets, and tried to decide what he would send her. He was going to take her to a musicale at Mrs. Schuyler's that evening, and as he had so often to ask her the color of her gown he chose white roses. Coming to the door, he took out a visiting card and stood beside a table, pencil in hand. Should he leave it to the flowers or ask her tonight at the musicale? He remembered a particularly cozy and retired corner behind the palms in Mrs. Schuyler's conservatory.

"No, I cannot wait until then," he thought. "I'll let the flowers speak."

"SO YOU COULDN'T CARRY THEM, DORIS!" HE CRIED HOARSELY.

Hastily he wrote on the card, "If you care for me a little bit, Doris, carry this tonight."

Then he sealed it up and gave it to the man. "Send the flowers at once to 37 West —th street," he said, as he paid for them. "On no account let there be any delay."

"Arrah, thin, I want some flowers, a rale illigant design, for me cousin, Mrs. O'Flannigan, who's dade," exclaimed a voice. A large, showily dressed, red faced Irish woman pushed past him to the counter.

Dick went out of the shop filled with mingled feelings of doubt, uncertainty and a great love for Doris. As he strolled over to the club he marveled at his own presumption in asking such a peerless creature to come down to earth for his sake.

That evening while he was waiting for Doris, he roamed restlessly about the great drawing room. When a little rustle of silken draperies announced her coming he stood like a soldier at attention, awaiting his sentence. The portieres were pushed aside, and Doris, in a trailing white gown, stood outlined against the heavy curtain. Doris with her blue eyes flashing ominously and with empty hands.

Everything seemed to spin around.

"So you couldn't carry them, Doris!" he cried hoarsely, while his hand clasped the back of the chair.

"I don't see how you could have asked such a thing," she said lofty. She was still standing and did not make any movement to come nearer him.

"I know it was presumptuous," he admitted mournfully.

She laughed mirthlessly. "I thought at first that you meant it as a joke," she said. She walked over to the fireplace, her long, trailing skirt trailing behind her on the polished floor. The firelight played on her hair, on her white, sculptured shoulders and her exquisite arms. Dick thought that she had never looked so beautiful, and his hands tightened on the carved oak chair back.

"I knew you were always playing jokes on people," she went on, "but I never supposed you could joke about such a thing as this."

She looked up at him as he towered above her. He was a very good looking man, she admitted, with his splendid athletic build and his well bred, clear cut features. Then she dropped her eyes to the fire again.

"So you really had the impudence to send it?" she said cruelly.

Dick became a little angry. "I may be presumptuous," he cried, "but I fail to see why you should look on it as impudent. Because a man sends a girl flowers and shows her that he cares for her with all the depths of his being you think he is impudent."

"Well, I don't care for your taste," she exclaimed. "I consider the whole thing an insult, Mr. Elton, and I do not care to be one of the girls in whom you play such jokes. I have a headache and am not going to Mrs. Schuyler's tonight. Shall I ring?"

Dick "gathered" himself together. "Good night," he said, coldly and met the footman at the door.

After luncheon the next day he found himself in Mildred Jones' cozy little drawing room pouring out the whole story into her sympathetic ears.

"And you sent her white roses?" she inquired when he had finished the tale.

"Yes, Doris was here at luncheon, and she told me all about it. I think, my dear boy, that there has been some great mistake. But don't be discouraged. I will try to manage some way to help you out. Doris was very angry, but I am sure she will forgive you."

There was an amused twinkle in her eyes that Dick could not understand, but he felt her sympathy and went back to his club with a lighter heart.

Perhaps an hour later he was called to the telephone and, at once recognized Doris' voice.

"Hello! Is that you, Dick?" she said, and there was a joyous ring about it that set Dick's heart to beating. "Did you send me white roses yesterday?"

"Yes," he said excitedly, "white roses and—and—and—"

Doris laughed. "Well, Dick, can you come up this evening?" she hesitated. "If you will come I will explain every thing then." She shut off the telephone instantly, and Dick was left with the receiver at his ear and a beatific expression on his face.

It was with different feelings from those of the night before that he stood by the fire in Doris' drawing room that evening listening for her footstep. But so quietly she came that she stood between the portieres before he knew it. Doris, beautiful as ever in soft rose colored satin and holding in her hands—Dick, who had started forward with a glad cry, stopped, and his hands dropped to his side.

"Good heavens, Doris! Where did you get that awful thing?" he exclaimed.

Doris, with a merry laugh, held up a hideous form of red and white immortelles with stiff, red roses wired on toothpicks, spelling out the word "Hope." "Your flowers," she explained.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Doris, you didn't think I sent you that monstrosity, did you? Where are my roses?" Then his face cleared. "It was that miserable Irish woman!" he cried. "She came in as I went out to order some flowers for a funeral, and that stupid florist got the cards and addresses mixed."

"Never mind, Dick," she said, looking at him coquettishly. "You don't seem to realize that I am carrying your flowers." But the last word was almost lost as Dick crushed her in his arms, the "illigant design" and all.

Compounding a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?"

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough syrup is handed in you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."—Boston Herald.

Not an Ostrich.

"Baby was playing with my thimble this morning, and I can't find it anywhere. Do you know what he did with it, Aunt Ella?"

"No; I have not seen it, Marjorie. Look on the floor."

"I cannot find it," said Marjorie. "I am sure he swallowed it."

"Don't be absurd! How could a baby swallow a thimble?" replied her aunt.

"Ella! I say, Ella! Have you seen my pearl necktie pin? Baby had it yesterday, and now I cannot find it. Do you think he could have swallowed it?"

"No, he couldn't," answered his sister curtly.

"Oh, please, mum, I can't find the egg beater anywhere. Baby had it yesterday, and now it's lost."

"Good heavens! Do you people think my baby is an ostrich?" cried the indignant mother.—New York Press.

HAD A FIXED INCOME.

An Unfortunate Question and a Perfectly Frank Reply.

A lawyer who formerly practiced his profession in Georgia tells in the New York Telegram this amusing case which he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, Colonel Culver, who figured in local politics. A "drifting" negro, Ben Sutton, had been arrested at the instance of his wife, who was tired of supporting him and insisted that the court make him work.

I defended Ben at the instance of my uncle, who was, I am sorry to say, inclined to curry favor with the colored voter. Ben was on the stand, and I was examining him.

"Now, Ben," I said, "Amanda declares in her complaint that you don't give her any money, and"—

"Dat ole woman's always complainin'," interrupted my client.

"Yes, I know, but what I want to ask you is: Are you able to support her? Have you any income—that is, any fixed income?"

Ben looked puzzled. I tried to explain and told him that a fixed income was an income on which a person could rely absolutely, not one contingent on odd jobs—in other words, a certainty. My uncle was sitting at my elbow coaching me, and I thought I was doing right well. "Now, tell the court," I concluded, "have you a fixed income?"

"Yessar," answered the black scamp. The answer almost took my breath away, for I had not counted on it.

"What!" I thundered. "You mean to say that you, Ben Sutton, have a steady, reliable and fixed income on which you can absolutely depend?"

"Yessir."

"What is it?" I gasped in desperation.

"Well, sar, you see," returned Ben, "Colonel Culver, dar, always gives me fo' bits an' a sack an' flour on' every election day."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Pardon others often; thyself never.—Publius Syrus.

We like to divine others, but do not like to be divined ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

The Good Spirit never antedates. He never gives as today what we shall need tomorrow.—Emerson.

Do not make excuses to yourself for your failures, but look them squarely in the face and study how to avoid their repetition.

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—Gail Hamilton.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying, "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

God has put it into man's power not to fall into real evils, and the fact that we cannot avoid death shows that it is not a real evil, else God would have put it in our power to avoid it.—Marcus Aurelius.

A man who lives entirely to himself becomes at last obnoxious to himself. I believe it is the law of God that self centeredness ends in self nauseousness. There is no weariness like the weariness of a man who is wearied of himself, and that is the awful Nemesis which follows the selfish life.—J. H. Jowett.

The One Above.

I especially remember Emile de Girardin, editor, sponster, intriguer—the "Grand Emile," who boasted that he invented and presented to the French people a new idea every day. This futile activity of his always seemed to me best expressed in the American simile, "Busy as a bee in a tar barrel." There was, indeed, one thing to his credit: He had somehow inspired his former wife, the gifted Delphine Gay, with a belief in his greatness, and a pretty story was current illustrating this. During the revolution of 1848 various men of note, calling on Mme. Girardin, expressed alarm at the progress of that most foolish of overturns, when she said, with an air of great solemnity and pointing upward, "Gentlemen, there is one above who watches over France." ("Il y a un la-haut qui veille sur la France.") All were greatly impressed by this evidence of sublime faith until they discovered by the context that it was not the Almighty in whom she put her trust, but the great Emile, whose study was just above her parlor.—Andrew D. White in Century.

Lives of Animals.

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domesticated beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at twenty, a donkey at twenty-five and a cat or dog at fifteen. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still, the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life and then being taken off by the cold if they are not previously snapped up by a bird.

If Was Both.

"What do you think of old Uncle Peter devising all his money for the erection of a mausoleum over his remains?" said the first needy relative.

"Awful!" replied the second. "It's just a willful waste."

"Huh! I call it a wasteful will."—Philadelphia Press.

Fished For a Compliment and Got It.

Alice (looking at her portrait)—Don't you think that Mr. Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?

Edith—Yes, he really has. What a remarkably clever artist he is!

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MARRYING A TITLE

By Frank Leslie Bowen

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Gerald Elkins was seriously disturbed over his mother's cold blooded purpose to secure a titled son-in-law. He loved his sparkling, vivacious, warm hearted sister, and his soul was in revolt at the idea of forcing her to make a loveless marriage.

He was still pondering over the question in the lobby of the Breslau hotel when inspiration came to him in the person of Tom Carrington, a former college chum.

After the first greetings Gerald dragged his friend into a quiet corner and immediately began to unfold his brilliant scheme.

"Tom, old man, you are still single and heart free, aren't you?"

The other nodded in mild surprise.

"Good! I didn't know but that you had met your fate during the three years you've spent in England. Do you know, the sight of you put a queer idea into my head. You remember my little sister, Elnore? You saw her once about six years ago. She was only a little girl of fifteen then, but I remember you said you thought her decedly pretty."

The other's brown eyes kindled at the recollection.

"Well, of course she is a young lady now, and if I do say it, one of the loveliest girls that you'll meet in many a day's travel. Most unfortunately, mother has determined to marry Elnore off to some duffer with a title, and she's badgering the life out of the poor girl about it. So far Elnore has turned down all the lords, counts, et cetera, for, though she says she is willing to marry one provided she loves him, she draws the line at the half baked specimens of nobility that the mater has sprung on her. I want you to come to the rescue, Tom. Go in and win the little sister yourself and save her from the titled fortune hunters. You'll fall in love with her, I'll wager my head. My plan is to introduce you to mother and Elnore as an English nobleman whom I met a couple of years ago in England. I remember you once told me your father was an Englishman and distantly related to the Earl of Weldon. That's what made me think of the plan. Of course, having only seen you once for a few minutes years ago, Elnore won't remember you. Join our party for the next two months while we are doing Germany and Austria. What do you think of it?"

"For heaven's sake, Elkins, are you serious?" the other gasped.

"Never more so in my life."

"But your sister! You are not considering whether she will like me or not. Then think of the position it would put me in. She would despise me when she discovered what a trick I had played on her."

"Oh, she'll like you all right, and you can tell her the truth when you propose. You need not care what the others think so long as dad and I are satisfied, and I can vouch for the governor's views. At any rate, as long as you are in the party mother won't be inflicting any more of these fossilized and impecunious nobles on the poor girl."

There was a peculiar twinkle in Carrington's eyes, and he gazed meditatively at the opposite wall a full minute before answering.

"I'll do it," he said briefly as he swung around. "You may introduce me as Lord Carnleigh, the courtesy title of the heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon."

Tom Carrington was tall and broad shouldered, with polished manners of a man of the world. Mrs. Elkins was in a flutter of ecstasy that evening as her son presented to her "my Lord, Carnleigh, heir apparent of the Earl of Weldon, Castle Weldon, Sussex, England, a gentleman whom I met two years ago in England"—the last statement, at least, being a literal truth.

Elnore's face bore a look of doubting surprise as her eyes first rested on the clear cut features of "my lord," and the latter's quick glance caught it. It worried him a bit, but he soon forgot it in blissful enjoyment of her society.

"By George!" he exclaimed as he paced up and down his own room later in the evening. "Gerald was not a bit too partial in his praise of her. She's the handsomest, brightest, most adorable little girl I've ever met. I'm not sorry I entered into his plot now. I'll carry it through and win her if I can."

Carrington's courtship of Elnore during the next few weeks was of the most industrious and persistent character. Gerald smiled contentedly as he watched the couple so absorbed in themselves, so oblivious to externals. Mamma Elkins, too, was complacent.

True, "Lord Carnleigh" found no easy victim to his noble charms.

"She's a girl of the most distractingly variable moods," he declared in half despair one day to Gerald. "I believe she likes me. At times I almost think I've won her, she is so sweet and gracious to me, and then just as I am getting my courage up to the proposal pitch she'll suddenly turn cool as an iceberg."

Taking consolation from Gerald's wise commonplace, "That's a woman's way, my lord," he kept up the siege most valiantly. Finally one day his eager eye saw a signal of distress in her mantling cheeks and drooping eyes. Then he boldly demanded a capitulation.

When she whispered, "I love you, Tom," he took her in his arms and shamefacedly acknowledged the deceit he had practiced upon her and Mrs. Elkins.

Mischievous dimples danced about the corners of her sweet mouth as she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Tom Carrington," she cried gleefully and to his great consternation, "I knew who you were the moment I saw you there in Breslau! A schoolgirl of fifteen never forgets a young man she meets, particularly if he is a—well, rather good looking fellow. I knew you were not 'Lord Carnleigh.' I didn't believe I should have learned to like you so well if you had been. I have grown prejudiced against titles since I have been in Europe. Of course, I forgive you, you bad, deceitful fellow, but I can't say what mamma will do."

"Mamma" did just what Tom anticipated when he told her of his love for her daughter, and bravely confessed that he had been guilty of an atrocious hoax in passing as Lord Carnleigh. Apologies availed him naught. Even when Gerald broke in and attempted to assume responsibility for the whole affair and to explain that Carrington was rich and really connected with a noble English family, Mrs. Elkins' wrath was not abated one jot. In a storm of passion she ordered the young man to leave her apartments and never again to intrude his presence on her or her daughter.

There was a conference that evening between Gerald and Tom at another Berlin hotel, with the result that the next morning, long before the hour of Mrs. Elkins' awakening, Elnore stole out of her room. She was dressed for traveling. Gerald and Carrington met her in the lobby, and all three entered a waiting cab.

Two hours later Mrs. Elkins' French maid brought a large square envelope to her bedside. On both envelope and paper was the Weldon crest. Her astonished eyes read the following lines:

My Dear Madam—I humbly beseech your pardon for defying your commands, but I have obeyed the dictates of my heart, and this morning at 8:30 o'clock, in the presence of your son and my private secretary, Mr. Holcomb, at the Fourth Lutheran church, your daughter and I were married.

We start at once on our wedding trip, and after a few weeks in Italy and France we shall proceed directly to Castle Weldon, England, my country seat.

The countess sends her love and a most earnest plea for forgiveness, in which I heartily join. She also was deceived, basely deceived, and did not learn the truth until she saw my signature on the marriage register. You see, I was not Lord Carnleigh, but the Earl of Weldon, my father, who died more than a year ago, having unexpectedly succeeded to the title only a few weeks before his death.

I need not add, I am sure, how very great pleasure we take in extending an invitation to you, your husband and to my dear friend, Gerald, to pay us a long visit at Castle Weldon after June 1. With deepest regards,

WELDON.

He Ate His Own Words.

Not long ago the punishment for libel in Russia was the requirement that the libeler literally eat his own words. A man who published a small volume reflecting on the unlimited power of the sovereign was seized, tried in a summary way and condemned to consume the objectionable words. In one of the public streets the book was severed from its binding, the margins cut off, the leaves rolled up one by one and fed to the unfortunate author. A surgeon was in attendance to pronounce upon the number possible to give without endangering his life, but he is reported to have set the limit at something like 200.

Carried a Live Shark Ashore.

Jonathan Fowler, a Massachusetts fisherman, once walked out knee deep through the mud and filth of a seashore at low tide to a shark left by the retiring waters, shouldered it and brought it alive on his back to the shore. The shark weighed 500 pounds, quite a load, considering that it was not the most portable of articles and that the man had to wade through mud.

Simply Useful. That's All.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth, "the family is most interesting. John dances divinely, Tom sings like an angel, David is a famous footballer, Susanna paints with great taste."

"And Henry?"

"Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."—Chicago Journal.

Classified.

"Here's an account of a big landslide," said the new reporter. "Under what head shall I put it?"

"Put it with the real estate transfers," said the city editor, as he wrote "Continued on the forty-fourth page" in the middle of a four line paragraph.

In the good old days the sexton announced a death in the community by a stroke on the church bell for every year of the life that was gone. People expected, then, to live to old age, and speculation at the first tap of the bell took a narrow range including only those who had lived the allotted time. There is no reason why people should not have the same expectancy of age to-day, except for the neglect and abuse of the one organ on which all the other organs depend—the stomach.

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Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the Western District of Pennsylvania, Frederick Arthur McCoy of Smethport, McKean County Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 24th day of November, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted. And

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.